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## LIKE A PETAL

By...  
**SALLIE COX**

I SUPPOSE that you think that all any girl of eighteen wants is to be rich and beautiful. Well, you're wrong, and I happen to know because my father has more money than he really knows what to do with, even if he does go round grumbling that he hasn't got the price of a new suit.

And I suppose that I'm beautiful because it says so in the paper. Anyway, I have ash-blond hair, a nose that is quite straight and proud and of course I can do quite a bit with my mouth because someone was kind enough to invent lipstick.

My restlessness really began one day when I went to a cocktail party, and something in tweeds lumbered up to me and beamed in a prosperous, purposeful way. We made polite noises and exchanged names.

"Hathaway," he murmured thoughtfully. "Are you Whitley Hathaway's daughter?"

"Oh, do you know Daddy?" I asked, and he said no, but he had heard of him. "And what do you do?" he beamed. "Go to school?"

I shrugged sadly and said, "Nothing." Then I told him that I wanted to get a job, but I didn't seem to be good at anything.

He raised his eyebrows. "Did you ever think of going on the radio?"

"Who, me?" I asked.

"Certainly!" he rumbled. "Didn't anyone ever tell you that you have a charming voice?"

"No," I replied startled. "Have I?"

"Very charming. Very charming indeed." He looked at me closely. "How would you like to be a radio actress?" I happen to be with Chatfield Broadcasting, and we're always looking for new talent."

So, to cut a long story short, the next afternoon I went in for an audition just as Mr. Digby Wells told me to do.

He told me three o'clock in Studio 8D, so at three-twenty—I didn't want to appear over-eager—I gamboled into Studio 8D, which had red lights outside spelling AUDITION. I pulled open the door, which weighed at least two tons, and found another pair of doors beyond that, the push kind this time, so I heaved until the door went its way and I went mine.

Naturally, I was somewhat embarrassed to arrive in the unobtrusive manner of a mortar shell, but

I still didn't see why all the people sitting against the wall should be staring at me. So I swept them with a look of haughty disdain, and when my roving eye fell on the girl who was standing at the microphone glaring at me, I returned her glare.

Then I glanced into the control-room and my eyes widened in surprise as they fell on a very dark and good-looking boy who was also glaring at me. I hastily assembled my secret weapon—my best smile—and turned it on him full blast. But he showed as much sign of melting as a box of frozen food sitting on top of the north pole. He bent forward to the speaker, his eye still holding me with a cold glare like an ack-ack searchlight.

"May we please have it quiet in the studio?" I jumped as his voice barked into the studio. It was a nice, crisp voice. And about as friendly as a knife in your back.

I put the smile away, and deciding that it might be a good idea to sit down, I marched to a solitary chair and sat there, listening to all those people drool into the mike, one after the other, until I could see there really wasn't much to radio acting. Then finally they were all gone except me, and that cold crisp voice again barked at me. "All right, Miss Hathaway. We are ready for you."

"All part of building the programme," Wells declared as the cameras clicked at Angela.

I stepped up to the mike. Then I looked at him and waited, and he looked at me and asked: "Didn't you bring any material with you?"

"Why, no—" I began. "Was I supposed to bring material?"

His lips were moving as though he were saying something that wouldn't be allowed to go over the air, and in a moment he strode into the studio with another disagreeable-looking boy who wasn't even good-looking, just disagreeable.

"Here," said Good Looking, and he was even better looking when he wasn't kept behind glass. He handed me a script. "Read this with him."

He disappeared into the control-room again.

The script was some play I didn't recognise. When we had read for about three minutes he interrupted to say: "All right. That will be all. Thank you very much, Miss Hathaway. We'll let you know."

And that was that. He didn't even look up as I silently stole away. I was a failure! I knew it!

So, you could have knocked me over with an aerial when Mr. Digby Wells called me next morning and told me that I was being given the lead in a new programme they were building, and would I please come in that afternoon to start rehearsals, and what did I think of using the name Marilyn Merrill so that no one could say that I was

trading on my father's name? I thought that would be lovely.

I trotted into 8D right on time, and a quick glance at the control room told me that Good Looking and Bad Tempered was there. He regarded me solemnly for a moment with a sort of brooding intensity, and it seemed funny to think that he had thought me good enough to give me the leading part, because he certainly had a queer way of showing it.

Someone gave me a script and I saw that its title was LIKE A PETAL, which I thought was nice and poetic.

Good Looking came out of the control room, and read off the cast, and as he said, "Angela—Marilyn Hathaway," everyone looked at me as though he'd actually said—"There's the murderer!" This startled me, but just then I remembered my new name, so I piped up that it was Marilyn Merrill, please, not Hathaway. He looked at me stonily, and nodded curtly. "Marilyn Merrill," he said mutteringly, then he punched his stop watch, and we were off.

But we had to go back and start again three times because some girl, who was playing a minor part, would start to read my lines, which threw me off, and by the time I saw it was my line, the timing was off.

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**I** SUPPOSE you might call it a fixation—or maybe a phobia, or an allergy. What Maggie had, I mean. Whatever it was, it means she took a very dim view of pilots, or anyone wearing a patch of white over the left breast pocket and talking a foreign language referred to in wined-up circles as R.A.A.F. matter.

Being placed where we are, at Headquarters, and living in a hostel on the edge of the city, most of us still carry a worshipful glow in the eyes for everything out of G.F.D.—which is General Flying Duties, and put simply means aircrew. They are, so to speak, our pin-up boys, and Maggie's attitude came as a shock to us.

For that matter, so did Maggie. She was called Maggie mainly as a counteraction to the glamor. She was glamorous, even in uniform. She had a pearly skin and deep blue eyes, and was beautifully tall and willowy.

I was sitting on the floor cleaning my shoes, singing soulfully, the evening Maggie first arrived and was shown into our dormitory. She walked in suddenly, right in the middle of one of my proudest top notes. An embarrassed silence fell while I rose sheepishly from the floor. Then Maggie grinned at us. That grin did something to my frozen reflexes. It was Puckish and friendly, and altogether it made me Maggie's slave from that moment.

It wasn't until Maggie had been with us a month that we learned of her feeling for our intrepid flying boys. We were sitting together in the dorm, one night. I was obviously reading extracts from Phyl's last letter, wherein she referred exultantly to the beautiful Joes on the station she'd just been posted to. Phyl was the previous occupant of Maggie's bed.

"Imagine," I gloated. "Pilots en masse and no civvy types in pretties to distract 'em. . . . Wouldn't it be wonderful!"

But Maggie just shrugged unenthusiastically.

"Some men are all right, but not," she said, "those precocious sky-birds. Don't kid yourself, Patsy. They're not men, they're birds of prey. They touch down once in a while to refuel the ego by 'shooting a line or two,'" her mouth curled round the words, "with improbable conceit! Apart from which, they're full of nothing."

I was indignant. "I should think they deserve to be a bit scatter-

# TRIANGLES can be SQUARE

brained," I said, "considering the jobs they have done. Where's your sense of humor, Baxter?"

"It got shot down," said Maggie grimly, "by a series of lines."

There was no moving her on the subject. She wasn't bitter about it. She simply meant what she said.

I thought about it very seriously. After all, Maggie was beautiful, and she also had brains. Then one day I got an idea about it all.

Maggie was packing a small case of toilet things, a magazine and her knitting that morning, which meant she was going on 24-hour duty—ferry duty—and in this case it meant driving pilots and crews to and from the airport and town. Maggie looked as though she were preparing for a wake.

"Most of us would give a week's pay for your chances, Toots," I told her reproachfully. "Why don't you try smiling at them for a change; give the boys another chance?"

"You don't need to smile at those blokes," she said, "they have you lined up for a shooting match before you get your gears set."

Now I will say for Maggie that she is not and never was conceited herself, and when she continued, saying the modern man was very susceptible to a pretty face, I knew she was not being smug. So I just told her I didn't think it was a crime to be susceptible.

Maggie shrugged. "No. Maybe not. But it's a bore."

Well, I didn't think that either, but I began to understand why she was so hard on the subject of aircrew. When they were feeling thoroughly browned off the sight of Maggie's lovely face would be like meeting up with an angel. And I



Tom was already gazing at Maggie, Patsy saw as the quartet sallied forth.

suppose, Maggie being stunning enough at ordinary times, they would rush her.

I was just realising that Maggie is the last person to appreciate gushing and that this was probably the reason she was allergic to flying personnel, not to mention the fact that she has a serious mind, and that what she wanted was someone strong and silent who would love her for herself alone and not her pretty face, when someone yelled from downstairs that I was wanted on the phone.

It was Tom, my brother, ringing from his station to say he'd be in town the following evening and would I meet him. Of course I said I would, and then he said would I bring along a friend for the mate he was bringing with him.

This request is illustrative of the charm I possess in my brother's eyes, but I am used to it, so I said yes, I would try.

"Someone pretty wizard, Pats," he said. "Simon is a looker and . . . well, you know, glamor-stuff."

I said I would do my best and was very thoughtful until Maggie came home, because I knew I would have to appeal to her better nature and not have her think I was scheming. Which I was.

Maggie was agreeable when she found it was a question of obliging my brother, which was big of her because the relationship didn't alter the fact that Tom was an air-gunner.

As soon as I saw Simon I knew why Tom had asked me to bring a friend. Anything as incongruous as me and Simon you couldn't think up, but he was just right for Maggie, and my schemes began to take shape. I crossed my fingers and mentally willed him to act indifferently. It worked like a charm.

Simon was one of those people who think brothers and sisters are odd company. It took a little while for us to get sorted out, because Tom visibly wilted at the sight of Maggie. I saw that he was already gazing indulgently at her as our quartet sallied forth.

As for Simon, he was tall and altogether perfect, with crisp fair hair and an outdoor look, and a pair of wicked, twinkling green eyes.

For dinner we sat in a booth for four. Simon was being obvious about behaving nicely to Tom's little sister, so he sat next to me. I was worried, but then I saw that this was

best, because it meant he could look at Maggie better. I frowned at Tom and made Indian signals at him until finally he caught on.

Please turn to page 25



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# ONE YEAR LATER

**W**ITHIN a year of each other lovely heiress ROSEMARY BARTON and her husband GEORGE die by poisoning in the midst of a party at the fashionable Luxembourg Hotel. The first party was in celebration of Rosemary's birthday, the second a trap by which George planned to catch her murderer.

Suspicion of murder could rest on various of the party guests.

STEPHEN FARRADAY had been carrying on a secret love affair with Rosemary, and his wife, LADY ALEXANDRA, had learned of it. IRIS MARIE was heiress to Rosemary's fortune. RUTH LESSING, George's secretary, and secretly in love with him, was bitterly resentful of Rosemary. ANTHONY BROWNE, attractive American in love first with Rosemary, then with Iris, is a mystery to all his acquaintances.

CHIEF-INSPECTOR KEMP and COLONEL RACE, in charge of the case, interview the various persons who were dining near George's table the night of his death, but learn only one fresh detail. CHRISTINE SHANNON, dining with PEDRO MORALES, saw a young waiter replace a handbag on George's table while his party was dancing.

Finally, Colonel Race interviews the loquacious LUCILLA DRAKE, Iris' aunt, who has chaperoned her since Rosemary's death. After long-winded details about her son VICTOR, a thorough black sheep but adored by his mother, Colonel Race hastily changes the subject. Now read on:

**T**HE colonel's new topic concerned servants, but he had scarcely begun to talk when Lucilla broke in on him, and the next moment she was away on another of her long-winded discourses.

Yes, it was very true what he said, the old-fashioned type of servant didn't exist any longer. Really, the trouble people had nowadays. Not that she ought to complain, for really they had been very lucky. Mrs. Pound, though she had the misfortune to be slightly deaf, was an excellent woman.

She had been there ever since George married, and she had made no fuss about going to the country this year, though there had been trouble with the others over that, and the parlourmaid had left, but that really was all for the best—an impertinent girl who answered back, besides breaking six of the best wineglasses all at once, which really meant gross carelessness, didn't Colonel Race think so?

"Very careless indeed."

"That is what I told her. And I said to her that I should be obliged to say so in her reference, for I really feel one has a duty. But the girl was—well, quite insolent, and said that, at any rate, she hoped that in her next place she wouldn't be in the kind of house where people got bumped off—a dreadful, common expression, acquired at the cinema, I believe."

"So, as I say, I put in her reference that Betty Archdale thoroughly understood her duties as parlourmaid and was sober and honest, but that she was inclined to have too many breakages and was not always respectful in her manner. And per-

sonally, if I had been Mrs. Rees-Talbot, I should have read between the lines and not engaged her."

While Mrs. Drake paused to take breath, Colonel Race asked quickly whether that was Mrs. Richard Rees-Talbot. If so, he had known her, he said, in India.

"I really couldn't say, Cadogan Square was the address."

"Then it is my friend."

Lucilla said that the world was such a small place, wasn't it? And that there were no friends like old friends. Friendship was a wonderful thing. She had always thought it had been so romantic about Viola and Paul. Dear Viola, she had been a lovely girl, and so many men in love with her, but, oh, dear, Colonel Race wouldn't even know whom she was talking about. One did so tend to relive the past.

Colonel Race begged her to go on, and in return for this politeness received the life history of Hector Marie, the father of Rosemary and Iris, of his peculiarities and his weaknesses and, finally, when Colonel Race had almost forgotten her, of his marriage to the beautiful Viola.

He heard how Paul Bennett, conquering his disappointment at Viola's refusal, had transformed himself from admirer to family friend, of his fondness for his godchild, Rosemary, and of his death and the terms of his will.

"Which I have always felt most romantic—such an enormous fortune. Not, of course, that money is everything; no, indeed. One has only to think of poor Rosemary's tragic death. And even dear Iris I am not quite happy about!"

Colonel Race gave her an inquiring look.

"I find the responsibility most worrying. The fact that she is a great heiress is, of course, well known. I keep a very sharp eye on the undesirable type of young man, but what can one do, Colonel Race? One can't look after girls nowadays as one used to do. Iris has friends I know next to nothing about. Ask them to the house, dear, is what I always say, but I gather that some of these young men simply will not be brought. Poor George was worried, too. About a young man called Browne, I myself have never seen him, but it seems that he and Iris have been seeing a good deal of each other. And one does feel that she could do better."

"George didn't like him, I'm quite sure of that. And I always think, Colonel Race, that men are much better judges of other men."

A faint sound made Race look over Lucilla's head at the open doorway. He had seen Iris before, at Little Priors; nevertheless, he felt that he was seeing her now for the first time. He was struck by the extraordinary tension behind her stillness, and her eyes were somehow unfathomable.

In her turn, Lucilla Drake turned her head.

"Iris, dear, I didn't hear you come in. You know Colonel Race? He is being so very kind."

Iris came and shook hands with him gravely.

"I came to see if I could be of any help to you," said Race.

"Thank you. That was kind of you." She spoke mechanically, without emotion.



The girl seemed rather scared, Mrs. Rees-Talbot thought, glancing back at her.

She had had a bad shock, that was evident, and was still suffering from the effects of it. But had she been so fond of George that his death could affect her so powerfully?

She turned her eyes to her aunt, and Race realised that they were watchful eyes. She said, "What were you talking about just now as I came in?"

Lucilla became pink and flushed. Race guessed that she was anxious to avoid any mention of the young man, Anthony Browne.

She exclaimed, "Now let me see—oh, yes, yesterday being All Souls' All Souls—that seems to me such an odd thing—one of those coincidences one never believes in in real life."

## By AGATHA CHRISTIE

"Do you mean," said Iris, "that Rosemary came back yesterday to fetch George?"

Lucilla gave a little scream. "Iris, dear, don't! What a terrible thought—so un-Christian."

A faint smile twisted Iris' lips. Then she said directly, "I thought, perhaps, you were talking of Anthony Browne."

"Well"—Lucilla's twitter became very high and birdlike—"as a matter of fact, we did just mention him. I happened to say, you know, that we know nothing about him."

Iris interrupted, her voice hard. "Why should you know anything about him?"

"No, dear, of course not. At least, I mean—well, it would be rather nicer, wouldn't it, if we did?"

"You'll have every chance of doing so in future," said Iris, "because I'm going to marry him."

"Oh, Iris!" It was halfway between a wail and a bleat. "One can't talk about things like marriage when the funeral hasn't even taken place yet. It wouldn't be decent. And this dreadful inquest and everything. And really, Iris, I don't think dear George would have approved. He didn't like this Mr. Browne."

"No," said Iris, "George wouldn't have liked it and he didn't like Anthony, but that doesn't make any difference. It's my life, not George's, and, anyway, George is dead."

Mrs. Drake gave another wail. "Iris! Iris! What has come over you? Really that was a most unfeeling thing to say!"

"I'm sorry, Aunt Lucilla." The girl spoke wearily. "I know it must have sounded like that, but I didn't mean it that way. I only meant that George is at peace somewhere and hasn't got to worry about me and my future any more. I must decide things for myself."

"Nonsense, dear, nothing can be decided at a time like this. It would be most unfeeling. The question simply doesn't arise."

Iris gave a sudden short laugh.

"But it has arisen. Anthony asked me to marry him before we left Little Priors. He wanted me to come up to London and marry him without telling anyone. I wish now that I had."

"Surely that was a very curious request," said Colonel Race gently.

She turned defiant eyes to him. "No, it wasn't. It would have saved a lot of fuss. Why couldn't I trust him? He asked me to trust him, and I didn't. Anyway, I'll marry him now as soon as he likes."

Lucilla burst out in a stream of incoherent protest. Her plump cheeks quivered and her eyes filled. Colonel Race took rapid charge of the situation. "Miss Marie, might I have a word with you before I go? On a strictly business matter?"

Rather startled, the girl murmured, "Yes," and found herself moving to the door. As she passed through, Race took a couple of strides back to Mrs. Drake.

"Don't upset yourself, Mrs. Drake. Least said, you know, soonest mended. We'll see what we can do."

Leaving her slightly comforted, he followed Iris, who led him across the hall and into a small room giving out on the back of the house, where a melancholy plane tree was shedding its last leaves.

Please turn to page 27

**"GOOD GAD! LOOK AT PARKER?"**

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SNODS were launched by designer Lilly Dache.



SINATRA'S bow-tie is popular with American bobby-soxers.

# How Fashions ARE BORN

By DOROTHY ROE LEWIS, from New York

SOME twenty years ago, so the story goes, Mlle Gabrielle Chanel, top-crust Paris couturiere, coveted a costly emerald necklace which a Paris jeweller was showing. A few days later, one of her customers wore it at the opera. Furious, Chanel vowed:

"I'll fix it so she'll never want to wear that necklace again! I'll make real jewels unfashionable for every woman in Paris."

She set to work at once designing a line of "junk" jewellery—showy baubles of glass and glitter. They became the rage of Paris and, later, the world.

And that's how costume jewellery was born. Since Eve first plucked her fig-leaf, styles have sprung from strange sources.

Such unlikely objects as a baby's diaper and an Egyptian mummy figure in the current fashion picture in America.

In the past, fashion designers drew largely on the theatre, literature, popular songs, and famous personalities for their inspiration.

Even some 1945 bobby-soxers have heard of the Merry Widow sailor, that outsize cartwheel hat, which was the rage of the early 1900's.

The tam-o'-shanter, required equipment for every schoolgirl just before the first World War, can be credited to that grand old Scottish entertainer, Harry Lauder.

It was hardly a fad, but it illustrates the lengths to which designers will go for originality to recall that important fashion opening in pre-war Paris when Mme Elsa Schiaparelli sent her mannequins out wearing lamb chops on their heads in lieu of hats.

The unpredictable Lilly Dache often has dipped into history for source material for her modern and expensive hats. One of her more recent gifts to modern fashion was the snood.

The volcanic Lilly says women have worn snoods throughout history.

The Dache snood, bedecked with flowers, richly embroidered in beads and sequins, or tied with bright bits of ribbon or yarn, first appeared a half-dozen years ago to induce debutantes of the day to wear at least an excuse for a hat.

The first models sold for twenty-five dollars (about £8) and up. Since then they have been copied down to a few shillings.

Dache also introduced the wimple to modern fashion, borrowing a page from the 14th century. Lilly's modern versions in mink, seed pearls, and sequins started a new rage.

## Casserole

A LONDON bobby's helmet inspired one of Sally Victor's hat hits, and a casserole in the Victor kitchen was responsible for the prize hat of the 1944 collection. Sally explains:

"I had to get dinner on the cook's day off. I had a frightful time, spilled things, burned myself, and used a lid several sizes too big. Mr. Victor came into the scene of pandemonium, looked at the casserole with its overhanging lid, and said, 'That looks like a hat instead of a dinner!'"

"He was right on both counts. The dinner was awful, but the casserole hat was a hit. I used the outside lid as the brim, inverted the casserole for the crown, did it in blocked felt, and the customers loved it."

General Montgomery's famous beret started a hat craze which swept both sides of the Atlantic in 1943.

It was one of those "naturals" of the fashion world—a fad that could hardly miss.

Winston Churchill has been the parent of hit styles of World War II. The chief one was his "siren suit."

He wore one for the benefit of the American Press during a visit to Washington, and both men and women adopted the fad.

Frank Sinatra, idol of the bobby-soxers, also has his place in fashion's hall of fame. The Sinatra bow tie started an American rage among teen-agers last year, and soon girls of all ages were wearing bow ties.

Dorothy Lamour's sarong started a whole new series of "wrapped and tied" beach fashions.

As soon as the staidistic Lamour appeared in her first movie sarong, women apparently decided they needed only a similar costume to acquire the same allure, and sarongs sold like hot cakes in sizes 12 to —saints preserve us!—44.

Famous personalities have inspired new colors in fashion ever since Alice Roosevelt started a national craze for "Alice-blue" during her father's term as President.

The song "Alice Blue Gown" followed many years later.

There was a sporadic attempt to launch another Roosevelt blue when Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt became the First Lady, and designers introduced "Eleanor-blue" in 1933. But this had none of the success or fame of Alice-blue.

Still a third blue, named in honor of the Duchess of Windsor, was "Wallis-blue."



LAMOUR'S sarong started a series of beach fashions.

Mainbocher is said to have tried out fifty different samples of blue until one was judged exactly right for the Wallis wedding gown.

All the other samples were then destroyed, and nobody ever saw either the gown or its color except the Duchess, Mainbocher, and the few wedding guests.

Yet in that year nearly every designer brought out her version of Wallis-blue.

The baby's diaper was source material for Claire McCardell's now famous "diaper bathing suit," which was launched in 1944, created a sensation, and later became the "panung" or "beach clout."

The panung is a single flat piece of wool jersey with a string round the waist and another round the neck.

You put it on by first tying the larger end of the garment round the waist, drawing it forward between the legs and tying the other end round the neck.

It sounds precarious, but when properly adjusted is snug and secure—though not recommended for hips that measure more than thirty-five inches.

The autumn hat picture may be considerably influenced by the fact that Sally Victor's young son was



THE WIMPLE was revived from the 14th century.

assigned to write a theme on the American Indian. His mother accompanied him to the Museum of Indian Art, and now she says:

"I'm warning you—you're going to see a lot of feathers this fall!"

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*Your mirror  
can't tell you what's wrong!*

**Y**OUR BEAUTY is dazzling, says your mirror. But it can't go on to tell you why you're a dateless dazzler. It can't warn you to put your trust in Mum — and keep your charm from fading away with your bath freshness. Why let loneliness happen to you? Remember, your bath washes away only past perspiration, but Mum guards against the constant risk of future underarm odour.

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you safe from offending odour all day or evening. Now the men you meet agree with your mirror. For you're just as sweet as you look.

Mum won't harm skin or injure fine fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar. You can use Mum either before or after you're dressed. You can get a jar of Mum at all chemists and stores.



**MUM** takes the odour out of perspiration



# Evacuees paint glowing picture of Australia



MUGS, WOOD BOWLS taken home by Daidre Harkness, of Enfield, London, for her mother, because for five years they have lived thousands of miles from each other.

A CUP OF TEA together is a great treat for Iris Longworth, of Sutton, London, and her mother, because for five years they have lived thousands of miles from each other.

## Parents say those who looked after children did grand job

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON of our London office

If some Australian mothers feel their ears tingling pleasantly, it is because evacuee children have returned to England saying nice things about them.

That ticketed evacuee child, who arrived one day over five years ago from Britain, paused on the doorstep and looked a bit scared, is doing his foster parents credit now he is back home again.

HE left as a child, and has returned almost an adult. And in the words of many delighted British parents "you have done a grand job with him."

But Australia has not seen the last of that boy. He is going back. He might have to wait a long time till travel priorities, lack of shipping,

and queues at Australia House's Immigration Department are only tiresome memories, but he is determined to go back.

And in most cases his family has caught the fire of his enthusiasm, and is going back with him.

From every one of these children the tale is the same. They came, they saw, they were conquered by friendliness.

Whether it was on a dairy farm, a sheep station, in a suburban home, or at a seaside bungalow, their stories of neighborly kindness are almost identical.

Even at school, traditionally a boggy for any child, they found an easy lack of formality between schoolmates and teachers that helped them to learn, and like it.

They are now merged so intimately with Australian life and ways that most no longer think of themselves as English.

England is an bewilderingly different to these homing evacuees as Australia once was.

Streets look small to them and teeming with crowds and traffic. Houses are cramped together, Elbow room is a luxurious Australian memory.

Younger ones, like 11-year-old Iris Longworth, of Sutton, London, did not recognise their homes.

First sight of her home was a shock for Iris. All the ceilings had gone. Windows were smashed or covered with cloth. It had been blitzed three times.

"But Mum and Dad were still there," said Iris.

While she was in Australia Iris stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Uisteen, of Maylands, W.A.

His parents could not believe their eyes when 16-year-old Roger Watkinson, all six feet of him, walked off the Andes at Liverpool.

He towered above them and grinned: "It's O.K., all of us Queenslanders are big fellows."

Settling in at Thornton Heath, London, again, Roger talks with a marked country drawl of Childers, Queensland, where he lived with his uncle, Mr. Harry Harbourne.

Roger and his father are spending all their time getting to know each other. What impresses the latter most is the education Australia gave his son.

"It's tophole," he said. "Now that he is back and looking for his first job, I know he is going to get a good one."

You should see his old cronies hanging on his words when he talks about Australian birds, animals, and fish.

"Life out there has broadened him terrifically. Gosh, I'm proud of him."

"People just came over to my uncle's place, said hello, and we were friends," said Patricia Hill, of Ealing.

Before long townsfolk of Tuart Hill, W.A., found that Pat had a lovely soprano voice. Soon she was singing over Perth radio.

Now she is set on an operatic career. Like all the others Patricia has come back with a strong Australian accent.

And there was a great Christmas party out at John Hillier's home in Hanwell, London, where they were feasting on the first pineapple they had seen for six years.

He came back from Brunswick, Vic., loaded with fruit, a rich peacetime Christmas pudding, and glowing stories of the cricket and tennis and the kindness of Mrs. Ballingall.

Her family saw Daidre Harkness off as a timid 13-year-old schoolgirl setting out on a great adventure.

They saw a blonde young woman come back wearing lipstick and stockings, carrying in her head strongly formed ideas, a dislike for England's cold, and a firm intention not to stay.

Asked why, she took a deep breath and said: "Oh—the tennis, the swimming, the hiking, the bicycling, the horse riding, the sunshine"—another deep breath—"and a sailor called Alan."

"I'm going to marry him," she said. There was determination in her voice.

Most striking is the freshness and vitality of home-coming youngsters. They are tanned, glow with health, and although English children are fit and fairly lively they are pale beside them.

When John and Geraldine Fletcher



PICTURES of Australia being shown to his mother by Roger Watkinson, back at Thornton Heath, London, after living in Australia for several years.

came into a house that had been silent all the war it was like an invasion.

Impact of it dazed their father.

Their alien twang puzzled him.

He sat down quite meekly to unpack the knots they tied in his pyjamas. His son was home, all right.

Home resounded to cries of, "We have a beaut soapbox blitzer with a speedo and brake and light and everything. And you ought to see Geraldine on a horse!"

They talked of the Arnold Smiths, of Boolaroo Centre, S.A., as "Mum and Dad."

After a few days' prying round the neighborhood John grumbled: "These English kids are different somehow. And I'm blown if I can understand our milkman!"

And Geraldine announced, "The taxis look like boxes. Now in Australia, our taxis are streamlined."

Australians might well feel pleased about their guardianship of the children if they could look into one of these English homes and see the reunion, after years of separation and worry.

A girl opens her suitcase and chatters about the swimming and the heat and the parties. How she was vaccinated in the tropics. How seasick she was.

Out of her case tumble bright knitted jumpers, skirts, woollen socks for her brother.

Her mother fingers a gay print frock, holds it up against her rather worn dress and says:

"I do wish it were summer. I just can't wait to put this on."

## Princess joins fashion house

Former Sydney girl's new career after wartime adventures

By BETTY WILSON from Paris

Chic, attractive Princess Philippe de Broglie, formerly Betty Lamb, of Sydney, has just joined the staff of Catherine Parel's, one of the best-known Parisian dress houses.

Every day she travels by infrequent and overcrowded buses from her luxurious flat in the quiet, aristocratic Boulevard St. Germain district to bustling, fashionable Avenue Matignon.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the Princess to take one of Catherine Parel's collections to show in London.

A pupil of Fresham, Mittagong, N.S.W., Betty Lamb left Australia in 1937.

She married the Prince in 1940. He was liaison officer with the British Army and was taken prisoner.

Like many French-people, the Princess had little news of the German advance.

Without any news of her husband she fled from Paris to the Ile d'Aix.

The island is owned by the Giscard family, friends of the Prince and Princess.

There were only women and children on the island.

They were bombed first by the British, then the Germans, and took refuge in the 17th century fortress.

"We had no news, no papers, no letters, no telegrams," the Princess told me.

"After the Franco-German armis-

tice Germans began to arrive on the mainland. Some of my friends became alarmed at my presence.

"They thought they might be killed or imprisoned for sheltering a British subject."

After she had made several attempts to escape the Princess received word from her husband.

She wired the Prince arranging to meet him in Bordeaux.

When she got to Bordeaux she found the telegram had not been collected. There was no message.

"I did not know what to do. The hotels had all been requisitioned by the Germans. At last I was given an attic room in a little hotel."

"When the woman asked for my papers I just didn't think. I slapped down my British passport."

"She picked it up without comment and entered my name in the hotel register as coming from Great Britain."

"During dinner I became aware I was the only civilian in the restaurant."

"A German officer turned in his chair and stared at me all through dinner. I was sure he knew I was British. I left the room and went to my hot, dreary attic."

"There was a knock on the door. I was told a gentleman downstairs wanted me. I was sure it was the Gestapo."

"I didn't even wash my grimy face; but went downstairs and there was Philippe."

The Prince, who as an escaped prisoner of war was travelling without any papers, had an adventurous time finding his wife.



PRINCESS Philippe de Broglie, formerly Betty Lamb, of Sydney.



# Look out, Mother . . . .

*that man's here again!*



*YES, . . . . he's standing right at the elbow of thousands of decent people like yourself. He's got a new line. "The war's over," he whispers. "Let's do some spending." Sounds innocent enough. But is it?*

Because of the war, you have a few more pounds than usual. Because of the war, also, you haven't had much chance of spending your money. Very few of the things you wanted have been purchasable.

That was annoying, but it wasn't dangerous. The danger starts NOW: now that things everybody wants are available, *but only in limited quantities.*

Whenever a lot of people have the money and the desire to buy goods which are in short supply, prices begin to soar. Then it isn't long before we reach the stage when only the wealthy can buy, and the average man and woman have to do without. That's

what the highbrows mean when they talk about inflation.

There is no need for this to happen to Australia if we "mark time" over the purchase of non-essentials. If we all concentrate our spending on the lasting things—homes, education, works to provide employment, national security and the like, it will NOT happen.

We should decide to save our money now and put those savings into *more Bonds, more Savings Certificates, more Savings Stamps.* You can buy Certificates and Stamps at any time, and you can invest *now* any amount from £10 upwards in the £70,000,000 *Security Loan opening on March 12th.* Interest begins immediately. See your Bank or Stockbroker.

## 5 THINGS TO DO TO HELP KEEP PRICES DOWN

1. Spend wisely. Get full value. Buy only what you really need. Save all you can.
2. Share and share alike the goods available—don't "blackmarket."
3. Keep your own prices down. Don't take advantage of shortages to ask more for your goods or services.
4. Pay your way—settle your debts, make no new ones.
5. Invest your savings, at better than bank interest, in Commonwealth Bonds, Savings Certificates and Stamps. When goods are plentiful again you can make good use of the money you save now—for then you will get more for your money in everything you buy.

*Be a Saver, Not a Spender—Help Keep Prices*





# Servicegirls become mannequins



DEMOLISHED from the W.A.A.F., Moira Hume was one of 500 glamor girls in a mannequin parade graded by competent judges.



MODELLING one of the newest evening gowns for Export Buyers' Spring Fashion Show is Olga Jaques, whose war job was radio location.



WINNER of teen-age contest for best imitation of a mannequin was Eileen Pascoe. Now a pupil of Lucie Clayton.



A WREN during the war, Pamela Harper was one of the models who gained high marks at recent mannequin parade.

## Glamor models chosen to help Britain's fashion trade

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON from our London office

Years in the Services have ruined English girls' figures for mannequin work, and they have to do strenuous training courses before becoming models.

The fascinating job of remoulding these figures and curing the mannerisms acquired in uniform is being done by Miss Lucie Clayton, who runs London's leading school for mannequins.

THIS week she staged one of the biggest beauty parades London has seen in many years, when 500 glamor girls gave a mass audition before competent judges.

Mannequins are needed urgently to model British clothes for overseas markets, and dress-houses are as busy talent-spotting for suitable girls as any Hollywood film company looking for new stars.

There is a shortage of good mannequins in Britain, as the war swept glamor girls into the fighting Services, factories, and land army.

Miss Clayton was one of London's leading mannequins before she opened a school for mannequins. She did her war job in mobile canteens round the docks.

Carriage as well as the figure has suffered during the war. Uniforms

have also encouraged striding, abruptness, and jerky mannerisms, Miss Clayton told me.

"There are very few girls left with any gracefulness.

"Waists are two inches too big, busts two inches too small, ankles have thickened, feet have grown half a size larger.

### Mental poise

BUT against all this the post-war crop of recruits for modelling have gained something from their years on active service.

"Something they could never have learned in mannequin classrooms.

"They have developed a mental poise, giving them a charming independence and confidence that is infectious.

"A pretty face is of the least importance. A girl must be of mannequin height, 5ft. 10in., have charm

of expression, grace of movement, a good skin, and healthy, longish hair. "Hair is important to-day because a model must wear it down for casual styles, but have it coliffured for sophisticated clothes.

"A hair for dressing is essential, and this is where young girls coming out of the Services have a great deal to learn.

"Things women did naturally before the war now seem lost arts.

"We have to teach the younger girls how to draw on their gloves prettily, use their hands effectively, sit back gracefully. They have a tendency to dive into imaginary tunic pockets for wallets and purses, powder compacts, and lipsticks.

"They flop back boyishly, thrust their hands into belts."

Before the war a model earned a guinea a day in London. Miss Clayton said a good model earns from three to five guineas a day now.

Paris, which still sets the standard, has decreed that figures must have a waist ten inches smaller than the hips, and there must be two inches difference between the bust and hip measurements.

Ideal proportions for mannequins are: Height, 5ft. 10in.; weight, 9 to 9½ stone; bust, 34in.; with 32in. hips

and 23in. to 26in. waists.

Having graduated in deportment and charm, with a streamlined figure and an assured bank balance, the mannequin's life is not all cream and roses.

"It's very austere," Lucie Clayton said. "A girl has to work hard at being glamorous. She has to keep herself as fit as a footballer."

At her school Miss Clayton can make a mannequin out of the rawest material in four to six weeks. She gives plenty of physical training in classrooms, massage if necessary, and when the figure is corrected comes the arduous training for a model. She doesn't believe in starvation diets. They make the face dry, she says.

The mannequin course costs twenty guineas. At the end of it there are any number of dress houses on Miss Clayton's books waiting for models. There is also work in films, on the stage, and in cabaret. Television will soon be taking its quota of glamor girls.

## New York round-up

### He says if you like aqua you will be divorced

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Fiber Birren, New York "colorist" claims to be able to size up your character and practically tell your fortune just by the color you like. For instance, if your favorite color is green you're a good bet for a successful marriage.

BUT if your favorite color is aqua — then you'll probably be divorced.

And if you like yellow you're hardly in the race.

Your chances of getting or giving a wedding ring are in this case slimmer than a greyhound.

Birren is a leading authority on color.

He makes a living telling sweets manufacturers what color to make confections for mass appeal, factories what color to paint walls for maximum efficiency, etc.

But for pleasure Fiber loves to speculate on the key color provides to character.

He is now lecturing on such matters at the Franklin Institute.

He reaches his conclusions this way: "Most people will say they like blue or green.

"People who say they like aqua show themselves fastidious and discriminating.

"They're bound to be fussy and hard to live with. There are not many aqua people, but 90 per cent. of those I know are divorced.

"Yellow people remain unmarried because they are unwilling to share.

"They're intellectual and lead an inner life, but greens are people with a clean-cut, fresh outlook on life.

"Those preferring blue are extremely conservative and introverted,

rather cold and afraid of stirring up trouble.

"They are, therefore, unlikely divorcees.

"Reds are wonderful people if you can stand them. They are warm, exciting, and full of life.

"Brown shows conservatism.

"What usually happens is a 'blue' man marries a 'red' woman because she's full of sparkle and sex appeal. "Then the darn fool tries to make her over to be more like himself."

Well, Fiber may know what he's talking about, but he's telling a lot of people too late.

NETTIE ROSENSTEIN, designer of some of the most expensive clothes in the United States, was asked at a dinner given to the heads of leading American stores: "What is the one thing you'd most like to hear a customer say?"

Nettie replied: "I'd like to hear a customer say—just for a change—'I think that's too expensive to sell.'"

And it would be sweet music to most husbands, too.



CANDIDATES at the mannequin audition, wearing evening gowns, beach clothes, and day frocks, wait their turn to go before the judges.



# Editorial

FEBRUARY 2, 1946

## DUMPING OF PLANES

THE dumping into the Pacific of £18,000,000 worth of British Navy planes has been explained on a number of grounds.

A Royal Navy spokesman said that the planes are obsolescent single-seaters, and no one would want to buy them.

*There is said to be a surplus of aluminium, though the average housewife may be pardoned, in that case, for wondering how soon saucepans will be cheaper.*

The housewife, being unversed in economics, is often considerably puzzled about the way the world is run. While recognising that war itself is the essence of waste, she remembers that even before the war huge surpluses of goods were destroyed in many countries.

*And it puzzles her to read in a newspaper that America is considering limiting food production, to avoid a surplus, and that at the same time thousands of people in Europe are starving.*

Anyone who is well acquainted with the laws of finance, production, and employment can quickly dazzle her with figures and reasons why the principle of cutting down little Johnny's pants to fit someone in need does not apply on an international scale.

But women, being stubborn, still think that things could be better arranged. They believe that if goods are of any conceivable use, and someone wants them, it should be possible to distribute them.

It may be that some day, in an ideal world, this belief, simple as it is, will turn out to be right.

# Mr. Makin's historic post

## First chairman of World Security Council

Radioed from MARY ST. CLAIRE  
of our London office

Norman Makin found the eyes of the world on him as chairman of its most important committee—the United Nations Organisation Security Council—when he stepped rather tired from a Lancastrian on to English soil after a 63-hour dash across the globe.

He had no time to rest. Grey-moustached Colonel Hodgson, Australia's Paris Minister, greeted him, and they sat straight down in the Savoy for his briefing on the progress at UNO, where he takes over the job as the voice of Australia.

NEXT morning, in London's fog-beared sunlight, they continued their conference on a seat on the Thames Embankment.

Since then all-day attendances at UNO, with official functions and Press interviews in the evening, have kept him and his staff busy stretching his time schedule to encompass some of the private things he wanted to do. In these three days Mr. Makin somehow found time to look at blitzed London, to take a stroll round Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey.

"The blitz damage is not as obvious as I expected it would be—but Britain bears the scars of battle all right," he said.

He dismissed his car at Marble Arch to see his favorite parade, the Changing of the Guard.

Besides onerous official duties and tours to renew his acquaintance with London and satisfy his curiosity Mr. Makin managed to attend a church service and enjoy the sermon of one of the famous non-conformist preachers of our time—Dr. Leslie Weatherhead.

As soon as Mr. Makin arrived he telephoned his relatives and made time to visit an invalid friend at Sutton with a package of Australian peaches and pineapple.

"I was very embarrassed to find tears in her eyes," he said. "I packed my case with as much stuff as I could for friends in England but you feel it could never be enough."

Stepping straight from Australia's summer into Britain's winter, he bought a muffler and gloves in the West End, but they didn't stop him from catching a whooping cold.

Mr. Makin gets up early—"too darned early," say his secretaries, L. Grey and H. R. Williams, feelingly—to run through his papers before breakfast.

He met other Empire diplomats and British Cabinet Ministers at a dinner given by the Dominion Secretary, Viscount Addison, and at lunch with the Empire Parliamentary Association.

Sandwiched between our chat and the British Government's dinner to delegates at the historic Royal Naval College, Greenwich, was a newswired interview.

His ready response to such requests is already earning friendly Norman Makin popularity as one of UNO's most approachable personalities. As I walked out the door I heard him pleading with his henchmen to squeeze in time for a visit the following week to Manchester, where Lancashire folks who remember his father want him to open a "Meet Australia" Exhibition.



MR. MAKIN leaving to attend the General Assembly of the United Nations Organisation in London. When Australia was elected to the Security Council Mr. Makin became the council's first chairman; they rotate in alphabetical order according to the country.

From DON WHITTINGTON, our political correspondent

NORMAN JOHN OSWALD MAKIN, now mixing with the diplomats of all the world, is a quiet, courteous little man who neither smokes, drinks, nor swears, and who spends his spare time preaching in a Methodist Church.

He is 57 years old, brisk, immaculate in dress, with neatly brushed black hair turning silver at the temples, and bright brown eyes.

Married, he has two sons, both in the fighting Services. He was a dutiful and affectionate son himself.

His mother died in Broken Hill two years ago; his father is still living.

It was one of those ironic tricks of fate that made him Minister for Munitions and the Navy during the most momentous years Australia ever experienced.

### Two big jobs

IT seemed almost funny in the days that followed Pearl Harbor that Australia's fighting Navy should be headed by a man who hardly knew a torpedo from a telescope.

It seemed just as incongruous that the professional politician whose only experience of engineering had been a few brief years as a pattern maker 30 years before should have to pit his wits against the shrewdest brains in Australian big business.

And it seemed downright laughable that the man who had very fixed ideas on women and women's place in society, who frowned on women working or coming face to face with the rude realities of life, should be Ministerial head of the tens of thousands of women workers in the Munitions Department, of thousands more in the W.R.A.N.S.

The laughter didn't last long. Makin had an innate dignity, a stature—despite his short, slim build—that commanded respect.

With the women and girls in his departments he was tactful, adroit, and unexpectedly popular. Not for nothing had he been regarded once as the best-looking man in the Federal Parliament.

He relaxed his prejudices against women working, but could not abandon them entirely. He always endeavored to ensure that they should not be employed on heavy work in factories.

And, although he sanctioned formation of the smartly uniformed, highly competent team of Munitions Department girl chauffeurs, he always insisted that his own cars should be driven by men.

There was a flash of the sly Makin humor in his handling of the Wrans who complained to him one day of the departmental substitution of plain for brass buttons on their uniforms.

Makin assured them he had discussed the matter with the Munitions Minister before reaching a decision, but the Munitions Minister had been adamant in his insistence on saving the brass for more urgent work.

It was not till later that the girls realised he was also the Munitions Minister.

Born in Petersham and educated in Broken Hill, Makin is the perfect professional politician. He entered the Federal Parliament in 1919 as member for Australia's safest Labor seat, Hindmarsh, in South Australia, and has held it ever since.

Although he speaks fluently, with a good diction and an easy command of words, his unassuming modesty never deserts him. He can be aggressive when the occasion demands, but one of his actions when Speaker of the House in 1921-1931 was fairly typical of Makin the man.

He had the phraseology of Hansard—the Parliament's official record of proceedings—changed from "The Speaker takes the Chair and reads prayers" to "The Speaker takes the Chair and offers prayers."

# Interesting People



MR. C. V. KELLWAY  
... Consul-General in U.S.A.  
RECENTLY appointed Consul-General to U.S.A., tall, genial Cedric Kellway, of Victoria, heads first consulate-general opened by Australia in any country. From 1942-45 was Deputy Director-General, Australian War Supplies Procurement in U.S.A. Attended two Ottawa Conferences on Empire Air Training Scheme.



MOTHER MARY AMBROISE  
... Franciscan missionary  
RECENTLY arrived in Australia in charge of first community of Franciscan Missionaries of Mary to be established in Melbourne is French-Canadian nun, Mother Mary Ambrose. Heads group of five American and Canadian members of Order, which has membership of 8000 nuns of every nationality. Members are trained in welfare and social services and medical missionary work. Order runs mission station for aboriginal lepers at Fantome Island, Queensland.



MR. JAMES KEMP  
... fire service record  
CHIEF of Melbourne Fire Brigade and honorary Commonwealth technical fire adviser, Mr. James Kemp has just retired after 42 years' service with brigade. Returning from Boer War, set example of hard study. New methods of fire education helped in introducing system of promotion of fire brigade officers by examination instead of seniority. Is author of several books on fire-fighting.

### YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 25 to 36.  
SUGAR: 11 to 15.  
BUTTER: 25 to 27 (to Feb. 30).  
MEAT: Black, 57 to 63; red and green, 63, 67, 69, and 71 (to Feb. 20).  
CLOTHES: Y1-58, Z67-112.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.



# Children learn to swim in their holidays



**FIRST STAGE** in learning to swim at Manly baths, N.S.W. Miss Betty Filshie instructs her class. During the vacation 16,000 N.S.W. schoolchildren had free lessons for 10 days at the Department of Education's summer swimming schools



**CHILDREN** take to the water and practise kicking. Many of the summer swimming schools are held in country towns where there are baths. There are separate classes for boy and girl pupils.



**TEACHER** shows Patricia Dickson how to move her arms for over-arm stroke. Teacher takes classes divided into four groups of 20 each for four hours each morning.



**SMALL** Ruth Hann is given a helping hand by Patricia Dickson. Children learn to swim in pairs, each helping the other in turn. Teachers say this gives them confidence. Once children take one stroke with their feet off the bottom they lose all fear of the water.



**GRIM DETERMINATION** is the expression on Ruth Hann's face as she swims the first strokes by herself. Children must be nine years of age to join the classes.





# BIG INCREASE in WORLD'S SALE of



# ASPRO

**A great world advertisement for  
Australia, based on the pain-stopping  
and healing service of 'ASPRO'**



*Even a Child  
can take ASPRO*

1-4 Years: 1/2 Tablet every 4 hrs.  
5-10 Years: 1 Tablet every 4 hrs.  
11-14 Years: 1 1/2 Tablets every 4 hrs.

**'ASPRO'  
DOES NOT  
HARM THE  
HEART OR  
STOMACH**

The speed of a jet-plane isn't in it with the speed of the good news of the 'ASPRO' healing service which has astonished, benefited, and been acclaimed in all countries of the world. By its works 'ASPRO' has comforted, brought new hope, stopped pain, banished fears and been an insurance against ill health for millions in this world of trouble and trial to-day. 'ASPRO' is about fifty medicines in one.

## Maybe You didn't know this -

The reason why 'ASPRO' has so many uses - how it can benefit all - is because it attacks the causes of a great number of complaints from which humanity suffers. 'ASPRO' can do this because it is a solvent of uric acid, it is a germicide, it is an internal antiseptic, a fever-reducer, an anti-pyretic, and an anti-fermentative. These are the causes of most common complaints. So you see it attacks most complaints because most complaints are of a uric acid, infective or feverish origin. 'ASPRO' stops your pain and soothes your complaint in a happy way. It is not nauseous, it does not dope, deaden or drug: even a child can take it. So now you can see that 'ASPRO' represents

**ORGANISED SCIENTIFIC HEALING INTELLIGENCE** *Versus* **ORGANISED IGNORANCE**

**There's no nonsense about this genuine testimony--  
It's worth reading if you're still sceptical-----**

*Mr. Gardner's  
Experiences*

HAWTHORN,  
10th August, 1945.  
Dear Sir,  
I have been suffering from bilious headaches and rheumatics for the past 20 years and now find that 'Aspro' tablets give wonderful relief from pain.  
I have tried to get relief from other tablets and powders but find that the 'Aspro' tablets are the only things that do the job.

(Sgd.) LEWIS GARDNER.

*Miss Greene Says 'Aspro'  
works miracles---*

SYDNEY,  
22/8/45.

Dear Sir,  
I would like to express my appreciation for your product 'Aspro'.  
To my mind there is nothing as good as 'Aspro' for a gargle. It works miracles and I am thankful there is such a medicine as 'Aspro' on the market.

(Sgd.) Miss M. A. GREENE.

*Mr Richardson--  
'Cold disappeared'.*

Nicholas Pty. Ltd. MEDLOW BATHS,  
13/9/45.

Dear Sir,  
A few weeks ago I was suffering with a very severe cold. I decided to try 'Aspro'. After a couple of days treatment my cold had completely disappeared.  
Yours faithfully,  
(Sgd.) Mr. E. A. RICHARDSON.

You can use this as you think fit.

*'Quickest Results'  
says Mr. Spark*

Hanson St., ADELAIDE,  
20/7/45.

Dear Sir,  
For years I have been troubled with severe intermittent headaches and have tried everything I could think of, but with little success until I used 'Aspro'. 'Aspro' tablets will stop my headache almost immediately.  
Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) Harry Spark.

**Even if you don't know what's ailing you, try 'ASPRO' and  
go by results - you may get a pleasant surprise-----**



**TRY IT FOR -**

**HEADACHE TOOTHACHE LUMBAGO  
TEMPERATURE HAY FEVER COLDS  
SORE THROAT INFLUENZA RHEUMATISM  
SLEEPLESSNESS IRRITABILITY NEURITIS**

**3<sup>d</sup> - 1<sup>st</sup>  
4<sup>d</sup> (LARGE family Size)**



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

**P**LANETARY radiations are numerous and almost entirely fortunate this week for those born under the signs Gemini, Libra, Aquarius, Sagittarius, and Aries.

All such people should plan well ahead and seek desired changes. Even Taurus, Scorpio and Leo, for whom the present is not particularly auspicious, will find most days bearable. However they should live cautiously.

## The Daily Diary

**H**ERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Jan. 29 helpful. Jan. 30 and 31 and Feb. 1 all poor. Feb. 2 (until sunset) helpful. Seek changes.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Tricky days, caution pays well. Routine work advised, especially on Feb. 1, 2, and 3.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Excellent opportunities, seek advancement. Feb. 1 (after 4 p.m.) fair. Feb. 2 excellent, but beware of anything unexpected or unconventional. Feb. 3 (to sunset) good. Rest of week tricky.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Jan. 29 (to 11 a.m.) fair. Feb. 2, 3, and 4 (except at dusk) and 5 (until 9 a.m.) very fair. Seek only modest gains.

**LEO** (July 23 to Aug. 24): Beware upheavals, discord, losses. Take things quietly, especially on Feb. 1, 2, and 3. Routine best.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Unspectacular days, although Jan. 30 may be annoying. Jan. 30 and 31 (to noon) fair. Feb. 4 and 5 possibly irritating.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Excellent for changes, promotions, gains, happiness. Jan. 30 fair. Jan. 30 and 31 poor. Feb. 1 (after 4 p.m.) good. Feb. 2 excellent. Feb. 3 very good. Feb. 4 (except dusk) and 5 fair.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Beware arguments and delays. Feb. 1, 2, and 3 poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Jan. 29 and 30 (early) very fair. Feb. 1 poor. Feb. 2 and 3 (to 4 p.m.) very helpful. Feb. 4 and 5 tricky.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 30): Jan. 30 (to sunset) and 31 (before 1 p.m.) fair. Feb. 2, 3, 4, and 5 (early) slightly helpful.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 30 to Feb. 18): Make good use of these days. Excellent opportunities. Jan. 30 and Feb. 1 (evening) good. Feb. 2, 3, and 4 (except at dusk) very good. Feb. 5 (to 9 a.m.) good.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Jan. 30 (to sunset) helpful. Feb. 2, 3, and 4 (except dusk) and 5 all very helpful. Seek modest gains.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents the astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are not sorry to leave the northern country of Dementor, where they nearly lost their lives in an effort to restore the rightful ruler to the throne. Now they have left that country and turned south. Mandrake has a desire to travel through Africa, so he and Lothar

make all necessary arrangements. They arrive at a port on the north coast and set out on camels across the Sahara Desert. At first their journey is uneventful. They jog along on their camels, and Lothar finds the odd movement of these animals not much to his liking. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED





**HOLDING HANDS.** John Blainey and his pretty bride, formerly Marcia Lenehan, of Gunnedah, leave St. Mary's Cathedral. Marcia is only daughter of Mr. J. Lenehan, of Gunnedah, and John is younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Binney, Bellevue Hill.



**ARRIVING AT RECEPTION** at Merrybryn, Bellevue Hill, Grahame Lister, B.Sc., B.E., assistant research officer of Radio Physics Laboratory, Sydney University, and his bride, formerly Patricia Purcell, of "The Curragh," Woodstock. Bridesmaid Pat's sister Moya, and best man Fred Craddock. Couple marry in chapel at St. John's, in University grounds.



**HAPPY REUNION** in Sydney for Lady Mackay, wife of Australia's High Commissioner in India, Sir Iven Mackay, and schoolgirl daughter Alison, when Lady Mackay arrives on visit from home in New Delhi.



**HONEYMOONERS.** Lieut. William Leach Spicer, U.S. Naval Air Transport Service, Saipan, and his bride, formerly Freda Cowell, younger daughter of the late Norman Cowell and of Mrs. Copell, of Australia. New South Wales, snapped in Sydney.

## Intimate Gittings

**NEW** Australian Minister to China, Professor Douglas Copland, Mrs. Copland, and schoolgirl daughter Rosemarie take opportunity of mastering art of using chopsticks at farewell parties given in their honor by members of Chinese communities in Melbourne, Canberra and Sydney.

Motoring down from Canberra, Mrs. Copland and Rosemarie say their good-byes to Mrs. Donald Tier, formerly Joyce Copland, who is now living in Sydney with her husband at the Rose Bay flat of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Athol Tier.

Mrs. Copland and Rosemarie sail from Newcastle for New Zealand, where they will visit relatives in Timaru, and where Rosemarie will continue studies until September, when they will join the Professor in China.

Home will be at Nanking, where house is already awaiting them. Purchasing of it has been task for Mrs. Copland before leaving Australia, as it was looted of all household effects by the Japanese.

**RUSTLE** of programmes at the Theatre Royal the other night when ballet lovers note decor for "Capriccio Italian" is by Archibald prizewinner, William Dargie.



**BACK FROM AMERICA.** Kay Fawkes (centre) entertains friends at party. Flying-Officer John Hurley, R.A.A.F. (left), Mr. N. Seaton, Evelyn Trauber, Mr. J. Goldberg (standing), Captain B. C. Dodds, of the Empire Chieftain, and Rosalie Gresham, who has also returned from America recently. Kay has been Movements Officer and transport organiser for Australian civilians passing through U.S.A. and Canada during war years.

**LOVELY** old St. Saviour's Cathedral, Goulburn—where the bride was christened—is chosen by John Emmott, of Moruya, and Marion Grant for their marriage. Bride's sister, Barbara, of Neutral Bay, with husband, Captain Bill Strachan, and baby daughter Susan journey to Goulburn for wedding, and Barbara will be matron of honor. John is only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Emmott, of Bodalla.

**ATTRACTIVE** Peggy Ford, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ford, of Sydney, announces her engagement to Private Charlton Barnett, A.I.F., third son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Barnett, of Quirindi.

**PRETTY** wedding gown worn by Margaret Moore for her wedding at chapel at Balmoral Naval Depot with Chaplain John Barrie, R.A.N. Gown is white slipper satin with train scalloped and embroidered in silver columbine motif to match columbine design in lovely old Carrickmacross veil worn by bride. Veil loaned by matron of honor, Mrs. John Bloechmore, whose father, Mr. Ralph Williams, gives Margaret away. It is the third time Mr. Williams walks aisle with a bride wearing this wedding veil—his wife, his daughter, and Margaret.

**THREE** little girls in blue. Catch sight of Adele Carroll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Carroll, of Hillside, Camden, and her two friends, Moya Bowen, of Darling Point, and Patricia McAuliffe, of Pymble, lunching at Romano's when they return to Sydney after spending holiday at Hillside.

**JUNE** wedding planned by Rosalind Harper, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Harper, of Vaucluse, and her fiancé, Patrick O'Sullivan, of Warrawee. Rosalind is wearing solitary diamond ring and in whirl of trousseau shopping. Ceremony will be at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay.

**BUSY** time for Lady Gifford when she moves into a home at Double Bay last week, and is still in throes of "getting settled." Family are now reunited—before the advent of the house Lady Gifford was staying with her aunt, Miss M. Lamb. Lord Gifford at the Golf Club, and young Anthony was with his aunt, Mrs. John Bavin, at her home at Vaucluse.



**EX-P.O.W. WEDS.** Duncan Ross, ex-P.O.W. in Germany, and his bride, formerly Enid Halloran, leave St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, after their marriage, accompanied by bride's father, Mr. Aubrey Halloran, her sister Doreen, and best man John McIlraith, who was P.O.W. in Malaya.



**ENGAGED COUPLE.** Ruth Davis and her fiancé, Warrant-Officer Frederick Craig, R.A.A.F., having picnic lunch in Hyde Park. Ruth, who is youngest daughter of the late Mr. C. H. Weston Davis and of Mrs. M. M. Davis, of "Ullster Park," Moss Vale, and Wagga, wears solitary diamond ring.



**R.N.N. BRIDEGROOM.** Lieut. Theo Nysen, R.N.N., and his bride, formerly Jean McKenzie, ex-Wran, at reception at home of Commander and Mrs. H. G. D. Oliver, Neutral Bay. From left: Best man, bride's brother, Sub-Lieut. Donald McKenzie; Mrs. James Cooper, matron of honor; Theo and Jean; Elizabeth Oliver, train-bearer, and Commander and Mrs. Oliver.



## Like a Petal

Continued from page 3

WHEN it was timed we started again, and because my part was so important, I guess, Rod kept stopping me and correcting me much more than the others. Finally he did it on the mikes and then they recorded it, and Rod said, "That will be all for to-day, thank you." Then added, "Will you please remain, Miss Merrill?"

He sat down facing me. "I think we'd better go over this again," he said. "I'm not satisfied with the way you're reading it."

While I was noticing what a nice firm line his jaw had, he looked up and his eyes met mine. Then I realised that he had read a couple of lines and was waiting for me to come to, so I hastily apologised and began to read. Just then Mr. Digby Wells popped in the door, and with him were some assorted characters, who it seems were photographers to take pictures of me, and while they did it another character asked me a lot of questions and wrote things in a little notebook.

"All part of building the programme," he said, airily, while Rod stood watching all this to-do with a rather displeased expression, and when they started to take his picture he said, "No," very definitely, and, turning on his heel, walked out.

Mr. Wells said they were making records again the next afternoon, then he breezed out and the photographers scurried off. I waited for Rod to come out of the control-room, but he didn't, so finally I decided to go in and speak to him.

His head was bent over a script and he didn't look up. I opened my mouth and a timid squeak came out. "Rod, Mr. Thorne, I mean," I hastily amended.

He looked up in surprise, and for a moment I'd have sworn his face was about to melt. Then he frowned. "Yes?" he said cryptically.

"Did you want to go on with the reading?" I asked, wondering why my knees were shaking.

"No," he replied shortly. "It isn't necessary."

I looked at him uncertainly. Did he have a secret sorrow, or was he just bad-tempered? "Would you have some coffee with me?" I said, rather weakly.

"Why?" he asked coldly.

"Well," I stammered, wishing now that I hadn't brought it up in the first place. "You've been so nice to me, and I wanted to thank you."

"Did someone tell you that you had to court directors?"

"No," I spluttered indignantly. "And I'm not exactly courting you. I merely asked you to have some coffee."

"Well, it isn't necessary. You've got the part, haven't you?"

"Yes," I replied stiffly. "Thank you very much." I turned away, but he stood up and said, "On second thought I will have that coffee with you." But there was something very grim in his manner.

We went into the coffee lounge and sank into chairs which seemed to be made of marshmallows.

The coffee came and he lifted his cup. "To a new radio star," he said with a faint twist to his lips. A silence that was not golden prevailed for a few minutes, so I gazed round the room with an attempt at interest. He was watching me with a very strange expression on his face.

"I wonder what makes you tick," was his remark.

"What's so funny about me?" I asked stiffly.

"For one thing you're wanting to go on the radio."

"I haven't the vaguest idea of what you're talking about," I said coldly.

"No, I guess you haven't," he replied stonily. "You only see things from your own viewpoint, don't you?"

"Well, for heaven's sake," I exploded. "Whose viewpoint am I supposed to see from? This is the silliest conversation I've—" I stopped and took a deep breath. "Listen, Mr. Thorne," I said, "maybe you're a genius—"

There was that exasperating sardonic smile again. "Now you're trying to flatter me." "Now you're looking at me very intently."

Suddenly he leaned forward. "Listen, I came down here to have coffee with you because there's something

I want to say to you." His eyes looked into mine, and there was a question in them. No sardonic smile.

This quick change threw me off balance. But I wasn't going to let him see that I was breaking up into little pieces, so I smiled brightly at him. "All right," I said gaily, "go ahead and say it."

He changed again just like that. His lips tightened, and he sat back in his chair. "Skip it," he said shortly. He called for the check. The next thing I knew I was walking along the street feeling as though someone had hit me hard.

The next morning I was awakened rather rudely by Mother zooming into my room.

"Here," she said, holding out a newspaper, "perhaps you can explain this." Her voice was glacial. I took the paper. There was I all over the place—smiling like an advertisement for tooth paste.

I glanced hastily at Mother, gulped, and then started reading. "Society Girl Decides to Become Radio Actress" it screamed in king-sized print. "Assumes False Name to Avoid Capitalising Upon Prestige of Father" followed in medium-sized type. Then it quieted down to a subdued size, and really went to town.

Marilyn Merrill, it said, who was blossoming out in her first starring role in "Like a Petal" was really Marilyn Hathaway, and all by her little self she had battered down the impregnable doors of radio, and by sheer talent and hard work had won stardom. I closed my eyes and leaned back against the pillows. "Just what does this mean?" demanded Mother stonily, "and why didn't you tell us about it?"

I opened my eyes and they fell on a raging furnace that seemed to be standing in the doorway. It was Daddy. He had another paper in his hand. "What is this?" he blazed. "Are you trying to disgrace us?"

"Is it disgraceful to go on the radio?" It sounded more like a meow than his.

"Disgraceful!" He spluttered like an outboard motor.

"Now listen," I said. "If you both want to disown me, it's quite all right with me. But you might at least listen to my story."

"Very well," said Mother. "We will listen."

"I wanted to do something on my own," I said. "And when Mr. Digby Wells said that I had a good radio voice—"

"Digby Wells!" Daddy roared. "What's he got to do with it?"

"I met him at a party, and he said that I had a good radio voice, and then he asked me to go in for an audition and—"

"Oh, he did, did he?"

"Yes, and he arranged everything. He was terribly nice."

"Well, I'll be figgered!" exploded Daddy.

"What's wrong about that?" I asked in bewilderment.

"What's wrong?" thundered Daddy. "I'll tell you what's wrong! Chatfield Broadcasting has been breaking its neck to sell me that programme to advertise our new Petalskin face powder, that's what!"

And I suppose they think that when I hear my own daughter is the little flower of the air waves, I'll break down and buy the whole network. Bah! They've got another think coming!"

"Oh," I said weakly. "I didn't know, Daddy. I just wanted to surprise you and Mother."

"You surprised us all right," he snorted. "Like a Petal," he barked. "Like a Petal. Bah!" He threw his hands over his head, and stomped down the hall.

I raised my eyes to Mother. "What shall I do?" I asked meekly, having shrunk very rapidly into a little girl again.

"That's something you must decide for yourself," replied Mother gently, and with a pat on the shoulder she left me.

After a while I got up and dressed. It was early to start for the studio, but I was going to ask Rod if he had chosen me for the lead because my father was a prospective sponsor.

Please turn to page 20

## WORTH Reporting

### TYPO - CRITICAL

An automatic typewriter invented by a Russian operates by electrical impulses influenced by the acoustic qualities of each vowel or consonant.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. The manager said when the salesman called, Can you tell me this, my hearty:—

Is it Oxford or Aussie the thing will write, for the Russian tongue's phonetic?

If the quick brahn fox jumped the lizy dawg, 'twould drive a fellow phrenetic.

Don't hand me the line that the typist I have is also crook at her spelling.

For she's got fine eyes and two shapely legs, which is more than the gadget you're selling.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

**FILLING-IN DEPARTMENT.** The Army Dental Service of the Australian Army has announced that during the war approximately 3,000,000 fillings were inserted and 300,000 dentures constructed by the Service.

### Ferry pilots

THREE of the four Australian air-men who served with Britain's famous Air Transport Auxiliary have just arrived home.

They are First-Officers Alan Murray, of Double Bay, Sydney; Ian Llewellyn, of Mansfield, Victoria; and Maurice Rolls, Bondi, Sydney.

They've come back very proud of the Auxiliary and the fact that they flew more than fifty different types of aircraft — from single-engine planes to the latest jet-propelled Gloucester Meteors.

The Auxiliary, with its 550 men and 120 women pilots, who included Mrs. Richard Gething, formerly Mairi Gepp, of Melbourne, ferried over 300,000 aircraft during the war with the loss of 151 pilots.

Waging individual war against the elements even more than against the Nazis, they flew planes from secret factories to aerodromes all over England and to the Continent in all kinds of weather.

The fourth Australian airman with the Auxiliary was Geoff Wilkes, formerly of Sydney, who, with his wife and children, will fly out to Australia in a Halifax bomber.

### Dog judge

AUSTRALIAN dog lovers will be pleased to learn that Steadman Thomas, one of the leading dog judges in the U.S.A., is soon to come to Australia to judge at shows.

Mrs. A. F. Waters, Yootha Park, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., is responsible for his visit.

She has invited him to judge entries at the dog show she is organising to raise funds for the Legacy Club. It will be held on Good Friday and Easter Saturday at the Oval, Marrickville, N.S.W.

Later Mr. Thomas will judge shows in other States.

When he returned to America after his last visit here just before the war he took with him a fox terrier, one of whose progeny later achieved the distinction of being judged the leading dog of its breed in America.

### Scrapheap clock

SOLDIERS at an A.I.P. camp on Morotai have no excuse for being late on parade; for Staff/Sgt. Charles Sims has built a clock out of odds and ends from the scrapheap. It keeps excellent time.

It did not always do so. Much re-adjustment of weights was necessary to correct the 20 minutes lost on its first day of service.

The clock's very first public appearance, attached to the recreation hut, was made minus any works. It was just face and hands. The wind blew the hands about merrily and the "time" was most irregular.

Staff/Sgt. Sims, in a letter to his people at Toongabbie, N.S.W., describes his timepiece as "a little ripper which swings away like a racehorse in action."

A FLAT-DWELLER on our staff has a favorite armchair, or rather, she explains with burst of honesty, her only armchair. In it she reads, sews, eats her meals when alone, and sometimes just sits.

The other night she dropped a nail file which slid down between the upholstered seat and sides. Pushing her hand down to rescue it she encountered another object. Excited, she explored all round.

The haul, after half-an-hour's intensive search, included, besides a bruised hand:

One pair of nail scissors, two hair combs, one handbag mirror, a letter from an aunt (written Christmas, 1944), threepence, one halfpenny, three lead pencils, 11 bobby pins, 14 matches, and an unopened packet of American cigarettes.

Office smokers now go about with a haunted look in their eye wondering whose old armchair they can tear up next.

### Lie machine

OUR New York office cables us that the Chicago Police Force used its newest version of the lie-detector on suspects in the Suzanne

### Animal Antics



"I'm afraid our new comedienne is about to lay an egg."

Degnan murder case. Two, at least, were released on the results.

The old lie-detector machine had its weaknesses.

It measured suspects' respiration and blood pressure while they were answering harmless questions. When incriminating questions were asked the heart would pound, and breathing become irregular.

Hardened criminals found a defence. They wriggled and panted, making it impossible to establish normal respiration.

Others tensed their muscles, artificially raising the blood pressure. The new machine records all wriggles, jumps, and muscle-tensing so that the self-induced reactions are spotted at once.

The results, however, are not accepted as proof in any court of law in America. The New York police discontinued using the detector on the strength of this.

One enterprising department store in New York sells the machine for use as parlor games.

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM







SYMBOLISING the service rendered Australian motherhood by King George V Memorial Hospital is this statue, "Maternity," outside the front of the seven-floor building.



SISTER R. BOYD, watched by student nurse, gives demonstration on how to bath a baby to two young mothers as part of free Tresillian service provided by hospital. Sister Boyd is in charge of the nursery of 50 babies on the first floor, which opens on a sunny balcony.



TRILENE, science's latest gift. Small stocks of this new emulsion from abroad for experiments.

## BABIES GET BEST POSSIBLE

Newest developments of medicine and obstetrics in model maternity hospital

To women all over the world, medicine's greatest gift over the past 20 years has been the remarkable advancement of obstetrics.

In Australia, evidence of this advancement is found in the increasingly low incidence of maternal deaths and abnormalities recorded at our many modern and well-equipped maternity hospitals.

CONTRIBUTING factor to this development of obstetrics is not only the improved maternity services at hospitals, the availability of highly trained medical staffs, the aseptic (sterilisation) techniques in labor theatres and nurseries, improved anaesthetics—but the appre-

ciation of women themselves of the value of attending hospital pre-natal clinics.

While leading Australian obstetricians deplore the modern tendency to regard having a baby as a pathological instead of a normal process, they emphasize that it is only through pre-natal examination that abnormalities can be detected and treated early, thus ensuring that

mothers and babies have a better chance.

One of the finest examples of Australian modern maternity hospitals, at which pre-natal, confinement, and after-care services are available to mothers, is the King George V Memorial Hospital, Camperdown, N.S.W.

As shown by the number of applicants for admission to King George V—some 400 a month—more and more women are turning with faith and confidence to this hospital, at which during the past 12 months 3574 babies were born.

Women know that whether they become public, intermediate, semi-private, or private patients, they and their babies are in the hands of skilled obstetricians and nurses, at whose fingertips are modern medical facilities available in few hospitals in the world.

Only four years old, this fine maternity hospital assumes full responsibility for the mother from the time she first realises she is going to have a baby and registers at the Ante-Natal Clinic, through her confinement in hospital, and on to her after-care at the Post-Natal Clinic.

Outstanding features of the hospital fill a long list, but particularly worthy of mention are: The complete separation of maternity and

gynaecological patients; the ante-natal and post-natal dental surgery provided for patients; the emergency room adjoining the main entrance; well-supplied dressings department and vision of sterile wards within the hospital.

With toxæmia of pregnancy one of the chief causes of childbirth and its dangers guarded against through supervision, the hospital's particular importance is the Natal Clinic.

It is in this well-staffed that patients are given routine treatment—globin estimation, tests of anaemia, performance of visit and at the 24-week serum reaction and so on.

The newly discovered blood Rh, (so-called blood covered during epidemic Rhesus monkey) is of importance in the blood.

According to the Dr. C. pathologist about 150 cases



ASSEMBLY LINE. At feeding time there are 100 hungry babies. Trolleys carrying six babies at a time are wheeled to mothers in wards. Name tags of babies can be seen on their wrists.



NEVILLE at four and a half months is hospital's oldest. His mother has infantile paralysis. Neville's picture and the pages were taken by our staff photographer, Jo.





**FIVE-DAY-OLD TWINS** Rhonda Gale and Roger Bruce Durham, of Summer Hill. Forty-three sets of twins were born at King George V Memorial Hospital last year.

childbirth anaesthesia. Some were recently brought to the hospital.

## THE START IN LIFE

white female population is Rh. negative. That is, their blood does not contain this factor.

Should a woman's blood be Rh. negative, and her husband's Rh. positive, the baby may inherit the Rh. positive blood from its father. If this happens the baby may be anemic, and require Rh. negative blood immediately at birth.

At the Ante-Natal Clinic, patients have their weights checked and are examined every lunar month for the first seven months, every two weeks during the eighth and ninth months, and every week during the tenth. They pay from 5/- to nothing, depending on their means.

Hospital costs to mothers on average middle-class income are reasonable.

If the family earnings are less than £6/10/- a week with no children, or £7 with a family, the mother is classed as a public patient.

### Scale of charges

On entering hospital for the usual stay of 10 or 14 days, she will pay three guineas a week or less, according to her husband's income, and practically nothing if she is covered by the Metropolitan Hospitals Contribution Fund.

Drugs, investigations, massage, and dental treatment will be provided free.

Intermediate patients pay £6/2/6 a week (if not subscribers to the Metropolitan Hospitals Contribution Fund), semi-private £7/9/-, and private £9/12/6.

Charge for post-natal treatment is about half charge for ante-natal treatment.

On admission for confinement, the mother is bathed, her temperature and blood pressure taken, and her state of labor determined.

She is then taken to one of the six labor waiting rooms, doors of which are equipped with an ingenious "No Admission" colored light system, as well as a sliding panel to allow attendant doctors and nurses to watch her condition without disturbing her.

In one of the two splendidly equipped delivery theatres her baby is born.

A recent record for births in these theatres was established over Christmas when 20 babies were born in 24 hours.

With its name and hour of birth on a ticket pinned to its clothes, the baby, if normal, is taken to one of the nurseries accommodating 50 babies on the first or second floor. If there are any complications it is taken to a special nursery on the fourth floor.

Washed and weighed after six hours, the baby's name is printed on sticking-plaster and attached to its wrist.

In these airy nurseries, every care

is taken to preserve the newborn from infection. Visitors may view the baby through a glass partition, but only the nurse in charge, gownned and masked, is allowed in the nursery.

In complicated maternal cases there are special wards for mothers. Sick or infected babies are isolated in cubicles and a special technique maintained in looking after them.

All mothers who run temperatures after the baby is born are tested for haemolytic streptococci (germs) in the Puerperal or After-Care wards and, if infected, immediately transferred to the segregation wards for vigilant medical attention.

A boon to inexperienced young mothers during their stay in hospital is the helpful advice and instruction they receive, free, on the care of their baby—even a practical demonstration on how to bath it. They also gratefully take advantage of the hospital's after-care clinic.

The hospital's two operating theatres for gynaecological cases introduced the Walters type operating vanita to Australia for the first time.

Covering the whole of the ceiling, the vault of stainless steel acts as a reflector to a high-powered water-cooled projection light outside the room.

Students and nurses sit above the vault and watch the operation through apertures in the vault. They can ask questions or hear the surgeon's explanations of the operation by means of a speech-amplifying system.

Under Professor Mayes, the head of the obstetrics department, young doctors and nurses are trained in every aspect of midwifery.

Approximately 100 fully trained



**RESIDENT DOCTOR** giving an Rh. negative blood transfusion to jaundiced baby in the first-floor nursery. Newly introduced Rh. blood tests of mothers in early pregnancy can often determine whether mothers will have jaundiced babies who may require transfusions at birth.

obstetric nurses "pass out" each year.

Modern teaching facilities include a microphone in the lecture-room, films, and a fine reference library.

Itself a baby among hospitals—it was completed in 1941 at a cost of £392,000—King George V Memorial Hospital continues to serve the community in the cause of medicine and motherhood.

One's last picture of the hospital is that which is represented each hour of the day. It is a slightly nervous expectant young mother entering the hospital to register, while passing out beside her is a radiant-faced mother with a two-weeks-old baby in her arms and a proud husband at her side.



**CENTRAL DRESSINGS'** five sterilizers, in which are sterilised each day labor ward linen, instruments and trays, feeding and stock bottles, babies' mattresses and pillows, etc., in addition to 2cwt. of nursery paper.



**STERILE WATER**, hot and cold, on tap. Provision of a sterile water system throughout the building is one of the outstanding innovations of this modern maternity hospital.



## War orphans Australia's only hope

MILLIONS of underfed and overcrowded Asiatics look longingly at Australia, so if we are to survive it is absolutely essential to populate our country.

I think the women of Australia could help to save this country from invasion by forcing a plan for child migration.

Australia needs at least half a million children now. Women should organise a local movement to bring war orphans to their own district.

They should struggle now for later security and disregard the inevitable inconveniences.

These war orphans, growing up in our homes, will be real Australians.

It is too late to rely on the birth-rate to save Australia, and the proposed scheme to absorb only 70,000 migrants a year will not do it.

1/- to Mrs. L. M. Bell, Balikpapan, Borneo.

### Take consequences

MRS. A. CLARK (12/1/46) has no cause whatsoever to complain about surfers.

If she wants to go in surfing she will have to be prepared to take the consequences. As surfing is a fast-moving sport surfers cannot be expected to worry about those who are not strong swimmers.

Mrs. Clark says she does not mind good surfers; but she forgets that before they become skilled they are only beginners.

5/- to Miss Nancy Craig, 201 Hume St., Toowoomba, Qld.

# What's on your mind?

## Giving feet an air

REAPPEARANCE of the sandal or cut-out type of shoe in the shops will lift every woman's heart. Wartime restrictions prohibited the making of these shoes.

I am sure if there had been a woman's voice in the making of these restrictions this type of shoe would not have gone off the market.

Women who belong to "the carriage trade" are in the minority in Australia—even before the war—and most of us have to travel by foot to our trams, trains, buses, or boats.

5/- to Miss Jane Williams, Cairns, Qld.

## Expect too much

OUR public libraries are not put to the fullest use because love of reading is being killed instead of fostered in many of our schools.

Too often the same book is used in infant schools for spelling and reading and teachers expect children to be able to spell every word they can read.

Even we adults cannot say our spelling keeps pace with our reading. 5/- to E. Golding, 28 Kilkenny Rd., Kilkenny, S.A.

## Curing alcoholics

THERE is already an unofficial organisation of special clubs for alcoholics, as suggested by F. Scott (5/1/46).

A Sydney branch of the famous American association, Alcoholics Anonymous, was formed not long ago. It will operate on similar lines to

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 8. All letters must have the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

the parent American society, providing much-needed rehabilitation clubs for chronic alcoholics in Australia.

Already hundreds of applications for membership have been received by the Sydney club.

5/- to Miss C. Prince, 708 George St., Sydney.

## Bad for bare toes

ALTHOUGH on many beaches the main part of the barbed wire entanglements erected during the war for defence has been removed there is still a great deal left.

The wire has rusted, much is broken away and covered by a few inches of sand.

It is a real menace to those who



walk barefoot or to children who love to dig and play on the sand-hills.

5/- to Mrs. Whittaker, First Ave., Blacktown, N.S.W.

# Like a Petal

Continued from page 17

upon his sensational war record. This included having been awarded what sounded like enough citations and medals to cover a sandwich-board, being wounded several times, and finally discharged. In other words, Rod was an honest-to-goodness hero, and I had thought that he was just a bad-tempered, egotistical director who took himself much too seriously! I felt like crying.

I looked up to see Mary, the maid, standing in the door. "Miss Marilyn, there's a gentleman here to see you. He says it's about work for war veterans."

"That must be for Mother," I said wearily.

"No," said Mary firmly. "He asked for you."

"Oh, all right," I sighed. "Send him in."

So she went out, and Rod walked in. "Oh," I said weakly, and with great originality, "it's you!"

"Yes," he said humbly. "May I come in?"

"You are in," I said rudely.

"Well, then, may I sit down?"

I shrugged. "Help yourself."

Hardhearted Hannah herself.

He sat down on the divan beside me, which I didn't think entirely necessary with all the chairs in the room. And neither was it necessary for my heart to start bounding round.

"First of all, I want to apologise," he said, "for having had so many misapprehensions about you."

I looked at him silently, trying to hate him but finding it very difficult.

"Furthermore," he went on, his eyes never leaving mine, "if you still want to play Angela, I'll do anything in my power to help you."

"That's good. That's just fine," I said with biting sarcasm. "Especially after hearing you say that I couldn't act."

For a moment he didn't reply. Then he shook his head. "No," he said quietly, "I'll be frank with you. Your voice is charming, and your diction is excellent. You have some more or less undeveloped talent, but it's not, in my opinion, enough for leading parts on a big network."

"Then why bring it up again?" I asked icily. "I can't act, and that's that. Let's forget it."

His eyes kept asking me to forgive him. It was very upsetting. "I tried to tell you yesterday when we were having coffee. That's why I went down with you."

"Well, why didn't you?" I asked angrily. "It would have saved me a lot of embarrassment. Do you think I would have let them print that—that stuff in the papers if I'd known that I—?" I choked helplessly.

"Please—" he said, touching my arm. "I thought that you wanted the publicity, and that you knew you were buying something that you couldn't get otherwise. And I was disgusted—" he got up from the divan and began pacing up and down the room. "Listen," he said, stopping in front of me.

"Please understand that I'm not dramatising the fact that I've been

fighting a war for several years—but I'm trying hard to adjust myself to normal living and everything looks upside down to me most of the time. I keep trying to justify a lot of things I've seen with all the petty selfishness and greed I see round me." He stopped and ran his hand through his hair. "It all seems so futile!"

"And you thought," I said gently, "that I was just one more selfish, greedy person thinking only of myself. Is that right?"

He nodded. "Something like that," he replied soberly.

"I just wanted to do something," I said. "But it seems I'm not good for anything," I added bitterly.

"Oh yes you are," he said.

"Such as what?" I wanted to know.

He came and sat down beside me and took my hand. "Would you be interested in building up the morale of returned soldiers?"

"Certainly," I said. "Where do I go? What do I do?"

"Almost every man who comes out of this war is going to be looking for a girl like you to help him start enjoying life again. He won't be looking for a radio actress; he just wants a girl who is fun to be with—" he stopped and grinned. "I think you could be fun if you weren't trying to be something you aren't."

"Thank you," I said coolly. "What do I do—run down and meet all incoming boats with a roll of dance tickets?"

"No, that wasn't my idea." His hand held mine a little tighter, and my heart pounded a little bit faster. "I thought you could sort of start on me." He was smiling in a way that was really devastating.

"It's a fine purpose in life," I complained.

"Is there anything wrong with marriage as a career?" he sternly demanded.

"Oh, no," I replied quickly. "I think it's very nice work if you can get it." Then I looked up at him startled. "You're not proposing to me, are you?"

"Don't rush me," he said, frowning. "You have absolutely no sense of plot development. Remember I'm in a highly confused state at present."

"That makes two of us," I murmured.

"And I may be leading up to something, but you're supposed to be surprised about it. Don't you ever go to the movies?"

"Yes, but I forget what happens. Boy meets girl—"

"Then they have a fight. And then they make up—that's the part we're working on at the moment," he explained, leaning closer.

"Oh," I said.

"And—"

Well, you've been to the movies, so you know how it goes from there, don't you?

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**B**y midnight the big naval hospital had settled down, but to old Captain Trask it was an unnatural quiet. He had just been assigned to this shore station after three years' duty on a cruiser in the South Pacific, and he was not at all sure he liked it. At sea he had been senior surgeon, in the thick of action. Here on shore he was a mere figurehead, supervising young doctors who, in the eternal custom of the young, probably resented him. Which reminded him . . .

He picked up the telephone. "Call psycho-pathic and ask Dr. Lang to step into my office," he told the operator.

He was staring moodily into the darkness when Dr. Lang came into the office, a nervous young officer in his late twenties.

Captain Trask swivelled round. "Oh, hello, doctor," he grunted. "Sit down."

Lang said, "Thank you, sir," and perched on the edge of a chair.

He suspected he was in for a rough session. It was rumored that the old man had lost an only son in the islands; he certainly looked sour and embittered.

"I've studied this," rumbled Trask, picking up a report from his desk. "You're charged with shaking a shock patient and calling him a liar!"

Lang bit his lip. "Yes, sir. I'm afraid I lost my temper."

The old man leaned back. "Tell me all about it." "There was nothing the matter with him," Lang blurted. "It was painfully obvious, sir. He gave me the most preposterous yarn and—well, I knew then he was just plain yellow!"

"Hm-mm!" murmured the captain. "You knew that, eh? Tell me, how long were you in civilian practice, doctor?"

Lang reddened. "Three years, sir. Long enough to recognise a liar!"

"Possibly," Trask fished a gold watch out of his pocket and began fingering a locket attached to the opposite end of the chain. "You haven't been overseas?"

"No, sir."

Captain Trask was silent for a long time. He spoke finally without looking up.

"We've come a long, long way in science, but not all the way. We still don't know very much about the human mind—just between you and me. Now war does strange things to men's minds. It degrades some, exalts others. We don't know why this is nor what makes courage in one man and cowardice in another. We don't even know what makes for happiness."

He peered up from under his bristling brows. "You don't quite accept that, doctor?"

"I consider it a matter of opinion, sir."

"Hm-mm! Then perhaps you would give me your

By  
**Leslie  
T.  
White**



opinion on an unusual case I had recently. It might help to clarify our discussion. I knew the boy rather intimately, so I obtained a well-detailed report. So—if you'll light up a cigarette and make yourself comfortable, doctor, I'll tell it to you just as it happened."

The old P-40 was a "war weary" (began Captain Trask); a fighter plane mechanically exhausted in battle. She was fitted with special experimental instruments, so it had been deemed necessary to deliver her intact to her birthplace in California. She was to be flown home by Major Bruce—a youngster, though "weary" himself from years of war service.

He began the flight at dawn, but by midday he knew, with that peculiar extra sense a veteran flier develops, that the old crate was due to conk out.

He smiled, very grimly. Pick a landing field, the rules said. He looked round, satisfied that there wasn't so much as a rock within hundreds of miles in any direction. Roll over and bail out! To a thousand miles of untraveller ocean?

He decided to ride her down; the net results would be the same either way. As he went into a long, smooth

"We'll have you ashore in a moment," the girl told Bruce with a smile.

glide he suddenly saw that the sea was quite choppy. He spotted the big ground swell too late to avoid it. The crash broke his safety belt. His head slammed against the pad as the sea washed over him.

He knew nothing more until he became aware of vague sounds interspersed with a rhythmic slap-slapping. He looked up. It was night, and he was aboard a sailing boat. A small lug sail billowed above him. Then he lifted his head and saw the girl seated in the stern, the tiller nestled under her bare arm.

She was watching the sail, and with her head tilted back, the starlight illumined her features. Bruce couldn't have been more surprised if she had been a mermaid. But she was human enough. When he moved, she glanced down.

"Hello!" she said. "Are you all right?"

Bruce grinned. He was half afraid of disturbing what he suspected must be an illusion. He took a quick glance round. He was in what appeared to be an ancient whaleboat.

His own raft was piled into the bow, and his head had been cradled on his Mae West.

He said: "I must have been out a long time. It was lucky for me you happened along."

"Oh, I didn't just happen," she replied. "The captain sent me." Bruce whistled. "Boy! Then there's a ship close by!"

She hesitated, and he sensed she was embarrassed. "Well, no," she said. "But we'll soon reach the island."

His head throbbed, and he was too exhausted to press a point she apparently wanted to avoid. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Lorna." She gave him a compassionate smile. "Won't you rest a little more?"

He leaned back and dropped into a deep sleep.

It was daylight when Bruce awakened to the sound of voices. He sat up. A half-dozen men were standing in the shallow water of a beach, steadying the boat.

"We'll have you ashore in a

moment!" Lorna said with a smile. "Can you walk?"

Bruce nodded and climbed grimly to his feet. The other men eyed him in curious silence as he followed the girl on to the sand and up a path to a jungle trail.

After a short walk they came upon a clearing, where he saw a small pool fed by a waterfall. Beyond the pool, and surrounded by a lawn as carefully clipped as a golfing green, stood a small stone house.

Bruce stopped short. Three years in the South Pacific area had taught him that such places did not exist. Yet here it was. He was suddenly apprehensive.

"This will be yours for the present," Lorna told him. "I'll tell the captain you are here." She moved away before he could reply.

Bruce rubbed a bewildered hand across his head. "Well, I'll be everlastingly blessed!" he muttered, flinging himself down on the lawn.

He must have dozed, for he was startled by a discreet cough. He jerked to a sitting position and stared at a very old man who had come up behind him.

"The cap'n's compliments, sir," said the old man, "an' would ye step on to the quarterdeck at once?"

"The quarterdeck?" Bruce asked.

"Aye—in a manner o' speakin'."

Bruce said, "I had no idea there was an island within hundreds of miles of this position. It certainly wasn't on my charts."

"A most fortunate oversight," murmured the captain. A servant glided into the room and set food upon the table. Captain Benbow said, "Come, now, you should have quite an appetite."

He seemed disinclined to further talk at the moment, so Bruce concentrated on the food. It was excellent, and he suddenly discovered how hungry he was.

At the end of the meal a servant poured drinks into two tiny liqueur glasses and left them.

Captain Benbow lifted his glass. "May your stay at La Querencia be long and pleasant, major."

Bruce sipped his drink. "Is that name Spanish, sir?"

"Partially, though I believe it stems from the Argentine gauchos; a nostalgic phrase which defies a literal translation. It connotes the place where you belong. A spot so lovely, so utterly entrancing, that no matter where you roam, you will always return to it some day." He smiled. "It is very apt, my boy."

"But to what country does it belong?"

"It belongs to us," Captain Benbow said. "That is why you will find it on no chart. There is no way of getting here or of leaving—save by an act of God!"

The quiet emphasis he put on those last words startled Major Bruce.

"You might enjoy a walk round the island," the captain went on. "I have asked my granddaughter, Lorna, to accompany you. Now if you will excuse me . . ."

Bruce got to his feet. He felt giddy. "But, captain, I must get back to my—"

The old man had already turned away. Then the door opened, and Lorna walked in. "Are you ready, Bruce?"

Bruce glanced round, but the captain had gone, leaving him with a feeling of strange indecision. Even the loss of his plane no longer seemed of any importance.

He said to the girl as they crossed the lawn, "Tell me about this place, Lorna."

"It's a colony of nearly two hundred people," she said, "who want peace, plenty, and happiness."

"A lot of others want that, too, but haven't found it. I mean—well, this place seems unreal."

"Oh, it's real enough!" she laughed. "Don't I seem real?"

"Delightfully so," he admitted, smiling.

"Then stop worrying. Come—I'll show you our island."

For some time they wandered about the peace and beauty of the island, finally sitting down to rest under a tree. A deep repose such as he had not experienced in years began to creep over Bruce. He looked at the girl beside him, leaned forward, and gently kissed her lips. Her arms stole round his neck.

"I always knew that some day you'd come to me!" she whispered. They walked slowly back to find old Oakum waiting at the cottage by the pool.

"Tell me, major—how do you like our island?" the old man asked, when Lorna left them.

"A paradise!" Bruce acknowledged. "Complete perfection."

"Aye, perfection it is," Oakum said after a pause. "Ye're a soldier." He mused. "Tell me—be there a war?"

The question startled Bruce. "Yes," he said. "There's a war."

"Betwixt who?"

"Practically all the nations of the world are hard at it," Bruce said grimly.

Please turn to page 22



I'm good at  
cleanin' up —  
just like my  
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Pa. 26.37

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V. 128.17

## OAKUM

"Sink me, I reckon the cap'n was  
right, after all. 'E allus warned  
that the world was 'eadin' for a reg-  
ular Amegadon, when all the  
nations would hextermintate them-  
selves. Tell me—be England in it,  
too?"

"On every front."

That seemed to please the old man.  
"Aye, she would, bless 'er! 'Ow  
many first rate o' the line 'as she  
got now, major?"

Bruce was puzzled until it dawned  
on him that this ancient had in all  
probability never seen a modern  
warship. So he explained as best  
he could, while Oakum listened in  
stunned silence.

When at last the old man took his  
leave, he said, "Thank 'e fer the talk,  
major. Ye see, I once served in 'Er  
Majesty's Navy, but I left it seventy-  
five years ago." He snorted at  
Bruce's expression. "Aye, I'm  
ninety-eight. Well, sir, the cap'n's  
expectin' ye fer dinner."

Lorna dined with them that night,  
and Captain Benbow questioned  
Bruce about the war and world con-  
ditions in general. Though his in-  
terrogation was shrewd, his interest  
seemed academic and detached.

Afterwards Bruce and Lorna  
walked together on the terrace,  
where the fragrance of flowers  
haunted the soft night air. She  
paused, silhouetted against the bril-  
liant tropic sky. Then suddenly she  
was in Bruce's arms.

"It's impossible to believe," he said  
finally, "that I just arrived here  
this morning."

She stroked his cheek. "Bruce,  
my darling, you've been here al-  
ways!"

"You feel that, too?"

"Of course! I know it!" She  
took off a small gold locket she wore  
round her throat. "This is for you

## Lost Island

Continued from page 21

It was my mother's wedding present  
from my father."

Laying her head on his arm she  
whispered, "Happy, Bruce?"

"Delirious!"

But as the days followed in swift  
succession, Bruce wondered some-  
times if, literally, he was delirious.  
Each hour he spent with Lorna in-  
creased his happiness and content.  
Only Oakum troubled him.

As time passed, Bruce suspected  
that in La Querencia, old Oakum  
had not found his Nirvana. He  
lacked the serenity which distin-  
guished Captain Benbow and Lorna.

He constantly questioned Bruce  
about the war, but gave himself  
up afterwards to fits of gloom which  
finally got on the young man's  
nerves.

"Look here," Bruce demanded one  
morning, "what's the trouble?"

"There ain't no trouble," growled  
the old man, adding grimly,  
"Trouble ain't permitted on La  
Querencia."

He walked away to pre-  
vent further discussion, but that  
night as they talked together, he  
suddenly jerked up his head. "Don't  
at'y 'ere, matey!" he burst. "I  
ates to see it."

"Why?" Bruce demanded.

"Mister," Oakum said accusingly,  
"you're a deserter!"

"Whoa! Wait a minute!" pro-  
tested Bruce. "You forget — I had  
nothing to do with coming here.  
It was, as regulations would phrase  
it, an Act of God."

Oakum ignored the interruption.  
"I'm a deserter, too. Aye, 't was  
a long, long time past, an' I'd 'ad  
enough o' blood an' war. I wanted  
only peace. Matey, there ain't no  
such thing that ye can find by run-  
nin' away from responsibilities. No,  
sir, this place ain't paradise, it's  
stagnation!"

Bruce tried to speak, but the old  
man continued: "Aye, I knows  
what's on your mind. The girl! There  
was a girl 'ere for me, too,  
seventy-five years ago. But ye can't  
love a woman when ye 'ates yer  
self." He came abruptly to his feet.  
"Stay 'ere 'an marry 'er, matey, if  
ye will, but in the passing years ye'll  
grow to 'ate yerself an' finally 'er  
too! One thing is gospel — man  
can't live on cake alone!" With that  
parting shot he strode into the  
night.

At first Oakum's words merely  
stung a little, but as time passed,  
they began to worm deeper until  
they struck the quick of Bruce's  
contentment. Before long, he was  
living two lives on La Querencia—  
one which revelled in the island's  
perfection and his love for Lorna,  
and the other a growing conscious-  
ness that perhaps life could not be  
one long holiday. The conflict  
bred in him a moody restlessness.

## E

VENTUALLY, there came a night when Lorna  
questioned him about the reason  
for his restlessness, finally saying,  
"Bruce, darling, you want to go  
away, don't you?"

"From you? Never!"  
"Be honest with me, sweetheart.  
You are not happy. I can sense  
it."

"But I am!" he protested. "I've  
never known such bliss. Yet—"  
He hesitated, then went on  
awkwardly, "Lorna, everything I  
could ever want in this world is here  
—with you. If the war was over—"

"But it is over for you, Bruce. You  
told me many times that you would  
have been scratched off the records  
long ago. Who would possibly  
care?"

It was hard to explain. "That's  
just it," he said. "Nobody but myself.  
Even though I know it is impossible  
to get off the island, I can't help  
feeling I should go back and see it  
through."

"You'd go, if you could?"  
"I don't know, darling. One thing  
is certain—I'd not go without you.  
That's definite. But if it were pos-  
sible—"

"It is possible, Bruce!"

He stared at her in surprise.

"Yes," she admitted. "I could  
sail you to an island where you  
could get in touch with your people."

"We could go together! And  
after it was over we could come  
back."

"People never come back, my dar-  
ling!"

"Oh, but we could! Meanwhile, I  
would show you—"

She shook her head. "No, Bruce,

this is my home. This is where I  
belong."

He grabbed her roughly. "Listen!  
I wouldn't budge without you!"

She smiled. "All right, sweet-  
heart. I'll make arrangements."

He kissed her hungrily. "We'll  
come back!" he vowed. "It won't  
take long to do what I must do.  
We'll come back and spend forever  
here in paradise!"

She slipped quickly away. Shortly  
before midnight Oakum came for  
him and said a boat was ready.

It lay at anchor in the cove, sails  
stirring restlessly. Lorna was al-  
ready there, and as Bruce climbed  
aboard, he saw with surprise that  
his life-raft lay inflated in the bow.

He smiled and turned to say good-  
bye to Oakum. But the old man  
quickly slipped the line and knuckled  
his forehead in salute. "God speed!"  
he said, and waved them on.

Together in the stern, Bruce and  
Lorna watched La Querencia melt  
into the distance.

"After the war is over, we'll come  
straight back," he promised again.

She kissed him. "The cottage  
by the pool will always be there, my  
darling. And you'll always be in  
my heart!"

"I know," he whispered.  
He felt drowsy soon after, so Lorna  
suggested he take a nap. Bruce  
went to sleep with his head in her  
lap.

He awakened with the sun in his  
eyes. He sat up abruptly, looking  
for Lorna—and found himself  
alone on his life-raft. There was  
a piece of paper stuck in the edge  
of the raft. He seized it and read:

Good-bye, sweetheart! It had to  
end this way. I could not go  
with you, for I'm a part of La  
Querencia. Yet you must go on  
and do the things your heart tells  
you must be done. There is no  
happiness without contentment.  
So just remember I'll love you  
always, and will be waiting on the  
island of your dreams.

He sprang to his feet, frantically  
shouting her name. He shaded his  
eyes and scanned the sea. Far away  
on the horizon he saw a dark speck.

The motion of the raft set him  
down. The letter fluttered over-  
board. When next he looked he saw  
a trail of smoke. His heart almost  
stopped. It was not a whaleboat.  
It was a ship. He began to sob.

The cruiser came alongside  
within the hour, and Bruce was  
taken on board.

"I was senior-surgeon on that  
cruiser," Captain Trask continued.  
"We'd had word from the Army that  
Major Bruce had gone down some-  
where in that area, but we had  
about despaired of ever finding him,  
when at dawn on this day the look-  
out reported a flare to the west."

I was having coffee with the  
skipper when young Bruce was  
picked up and brought into the  
cabin. He seemed to be in a coma,  
but physically he didn't look like a  
man who had spent ten days on a  
small life-raft. We offered him  
food; he said he wasn't hungry. He  
was reluctant to talk at first, and  
when finally he told his story, the  
captain didn't believe him."

Young Dr. Lang looked surprised.

"But did you believe him, sir?"

Trask shrugged. "What do you  
make of it, doctor?"

Lang turned red. "It seemed  
obvious that Major Bruce was a  
pathological liar, motivated by a  
compulsion neurosis."

"A logical assumption save for one  
thing. You see, doctor, Bruce still  
carried the locket Lorna had given  
him." The captain unsnapped the  
gold locket attached to his watch-  
chain and pushed it across the desk.

"Here it is. Bruce asked me to  
keep it until he came back."

"Come back?" gulped Lang.

"Wasn't he hospitalised?"

Captain Trask seemed suddenly  
very tired. "No. We could find  
nothing wrong with him, and he was  
anxious to get back into the fight.  
Two months later he went out on a  
mission—and never returned."

Lang thought he understood. "You  
were his—you knew him well, sir?"

Captain Trask picked up the locket.

"Yea," he admitted after a long  
pause. "I knew him well. I'll  
always wonder if perhaps he found  
his La Querencia again."

(Copyright)



# SLEEP *is* the foundation of good health

How often do you wake up "fresh as a daisy," with that feeling of having had "a marvellous night's rest"? Seldom? The trouble is you are not getting the restful, natural sleep you need—and you cannot FEEL well if you don't SLEEP well.



To fall off to sleep easily and to enjoy the natural night-long slumber necessary to your well-being, doctors recommend a food-drink such as Cadbury's Bourn-vita, before bed. A cup of delicious Bourn-vita will provide, in easily assimilated form, the nourishment which your body needs while you sleep (it is a scientific fact that the body needs more energy during the first hour of sleep than in ordinary waking hours). Made from the protective foods—eggs, barley malt, and full-cream milk—together with chocolate, Cadbury's Bourn-vita is highly nutritious,

containing Vitamins A, B and D, and the minerals, calcium, phosphorus and iron; yet because it is so rich in diastase, the element in food which decides how digestible it is, Cadbury's Bourn-vita will not tax the most delicate digestion. Finally, its calcium and phosphorus soothe and relax the nerves.

Buy a tin of Bourn-vita and drink it each night at bedtime for a month (simply dissolve two teaspoons of Bourn-vita granules in a cup or glass of hot milk by stirring). You will sleep better after the very first night and feel a sense of heightened well-being as the days pass.

*Cadbury's*



## BOURN-VITA

EVERY NIGHT BEFORE BED



# Fashion PATTERNS

F4159.—Sottily tailored suit for the larger figure. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 54in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

F4160.—A frolic frock for your little miss. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

F4161.—Model for dinner or daytime. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 36in. wide, for jumper, 3yds., 36in. wide for long skirt, and 1½ yds., 36in. wide, for short skirt. Pattern, 1/11.

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Infant's Six Piece Layette in Lambskin

PATTERN for this sweet layette is traced clearly on an excellent British lambskin in shades of pastel-pink and blue, also cream, and is ready for you to cut out and make up. The cloth is an ideal weight, soft, and smooth with a good woolen and cotton mixture. Just right for autumn-winter wearing.

Set consists of matinee jacket, pilichers, petticoat, frock, carry-coat, and nightgown.

Sizes, infants to 6 months: Matinee jacket, 3/9 (1 coupon), postage, 3½d. extra; pilichers, 4/3 (1 coupon), postage, 3½d. extra; slip, 5/9 (2 coupons), postage, 3½d. extra; frock, 8/11 (3 coupons), postage, 6½d. extra; carry-coat, 8/11 (3 coupons), postage, 6½d. extra; nightgown, 8/11 (3 coupons), postage, 6½d. extra. Full set of six pieces, 38/11 (13 coupons), postage, 1/9½ extra.

• PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should:

• Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. • Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. • State size required. • For children state age of child. • Use box numbers given on this page. • C.O.D. orders are not accepted.



F4159



F4160



F4162



F4161



F4163

## Fashion Frock Service

"ROXANA"

Classic Frock in Bedford Cord.

This smart little frock is fashioned in excellent washable Bedford cord, in shades of past-1-pink, pale blue, light beige, and eau-de-nil-green. The material is a delightful summer weight, and is crease-resisting.

Design shows tailored turn-back collar and revers, short, well-extended sleeves, with decorative shoulder strap to accentuate width, buttoned front bodice, trimly nipped-in waist, and a skirt that falls in soft folds from uncreased pleats.

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## SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERNS CUTE CAP, GLOVES, AND BAG SET MEDIUM SIZE

No. 1.—Cap, requires 1yd., 36in. wide. No. 2.—Gloves, requires ½yd., 36in. wide. No. 3.—Bag, requires ½yd., 36in. wide.

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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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# Triangles Can Be Square

Continued from page 4

YES, Tom finally looked at Maggie and then he looked at Simon and I could see the dawn of resignation in his eyes. Tom is like me, he has no illusions about his mediocrity. That is probably why he is still a flight-sergeant while all his friends are now commissioned.

So our talk flowed brightly on. First of all we talked about food, and I am happy to say that Simon was very intelligent about it. Maggie always said that too few men have any imagination where food is concerned. Simon ordered decisively, making suggestions to me and to Maggie, while Tom boggled as usual and I said "Yes" to all Simon's suggestions.

Everyone made the usual conversation about what a super day it had been and Maggie said she'd slept through it. This made Simon ask about her work, and Tom and I sat back then while they chatted. The conversation turned to sport and I felt really confident that everything would work out according to plan. There is literally no sport at which Maggie doesn't excel.

"What about you, Patsey?" Simon asked politely, obviously dragging his attention back to me out of kindness.

"I follow the family tradition," I told him. "I neither shoot, hunt, nor fish, neither do I swim. In fact I do nothing which calls for unnecessary activity."

At that Maggie turned to Tom and said, "Don't you go in for any sport either?"

Tom looked apologetic. "No," he said simply.

"What do you do?"

"Well," said Tom worriedly, "I had a bike once."

Both Maggie and Simon laughed.

"What do you do with your spare time?" Maggie asked, smiling.

"Well," said Tom shyly, "I sort of write."

"Sort of write!" echoed Maggie, laughing now. "What sort of writing?"

"Stories," Simon answered for Tom. "and poetry, and right now he's engaged in concocting the Great Australian Novel. Our Tom," he continued, applying himself to his steak with relish, "is a brain-storm. He is assuredly destined for fame."

I thought Tom was getting too much attention, so I said, "What about you?"

"Me?" said Simon, "I have no talents."

I had an uneasy suspicion that Maggie was not particularly impressed by this, because she was looking at Tom with interest and this did not suit my plans at all. I love Tom, but he just wasn't Maggie's type, and I did not want her to follow any false trails.

I wanted her to see that good-looking young airmen are not just flying fools, and, besides, Simon shared all the interests she did herself. What a team they would make! But instead of following up his advantage, Simon said to me, "And what do you do with your leisure hours, squib?"

"Nothing," I said dully. "I'm lazy, much lazier than Tom. My only accomplishments are domesticated."

"You mean you can cook?" he grinned, with a gleam in his eye.

"Yes."

"My dream-girl!" exclaimed Simon.

I didn't think it was very nice of him to make fun of me, so I didn't say anything.

After that Maggie had the bright idea of reforming us. If our muscles were so flabby as we said, we should start in exercising them right away. Between them she and Simon decided we should spend the following Sunday riding in the bush, taking our lunches and picnicking.

This last was the only part of it which appealed to Tom and me. They wouldn't listen to any protests, so we resigned ourselves to the sacrifice for the sake of romance, which by this time was coming along nicely.

Maggie and Simon were arguing in a friendly way about some finicky point in golf. In fact, she and Simon argued all the time, which I knew was a good sign.

On Sunday I woke up praying for rain, but in vain. My friend Jan had provided me with riding clothes. I wondered what on earth Tom would wear, and my misgivings were justified. Simon looked like something out of an advertisement, but Tom was draped in a pair of grey slacks—too big—and a flying jacket under which was a yellow scarf which didn't do much to enhance his complexion.

There was a slight hitch at the start trying to get me mounted. Tom had long legs, and managed to follow instructions—awkwardly, but he got there. My legs are a lot shorter, and every time I put my weight on the stirrup my foot just slipped out again.

"Just hang on and heave, darling," Maggie said, while Tom looked embarrassed for me, and I didn't dare look at Simon. Then suddenly two strong hands seized my waist, a tobacco smell tickled my nostrils, and for a second Simon held me before I found myself astride the docile mare, who looked up in surprise, which was how I felt, too.

Simon was showing me how to hold the reins and how to manage the stirrups, so that Dixie, which was the name of the docile mare, would understand my wishes—as though I had any. Maggie was protesting that it was silly of Simon to lift me, for how would I ever learn that way? Simon turned and said, rather sharply I thought, "She can learn on the way. There's no need for the kid to feel silly while people look on, is there?"

I felt grateful to him, but I didn't want him to quarrel with Maggie, so I said sharply, "I don't mind the people, and Maggie's right."

He flushed. "I'm sorry."

Tom intervened, suggesting platonically that we get going. So we started off along the dirt road which ran between the paddocks and soon became lined with gum trees. It was a lovely day and I'd have been happy but for two things.

The awful truth had come to me in a flash—I was in love with Simon. In addition to which, Maggie wanted me to ride the right way. I objected that it was much easier just to sit and let Dixie carry me, without worrying about the detail of co-

ordination between her rise and my fall, but Maggie said if you did a thing you should do it properly.

Pretty soon, however, two more things became apparent. One was that Tom was a much spier pupil than I was and the other that Dixie didn't want to travel at all. She was earnestly interested in the weeds by the roadside and quite placidly scornful of me. They say horses know a novice, and Dixie certainly did.

Simon stayed cross with Maggie, too. This was not so bad, because what Maggie really wanted was someone who would boss her. However, Simon did not just argue, he flouted her. When she told me to dig my heels in and discipline Dixie, Simon scowled and look Dixie's bride, leading her along—which I am bound to admit worked a lot better. Dixie got the general idea after a while and we ambled along at a nice safe pace.

My spirits began to rise, Maggie was looking daggers at me, and he was glowering at her. I thought this was very promising, but I didn't think it was very clever of Maggie to say to Tom, "Come on Tommy, let's leave these slow coaches, and put some action into this thing!" and canter off up the road to leave Simon and me just plodding along alone. I could see Simon didn't like it either, because he frowned deeper than ever.

"Maggie is a very spirited girl," I told him, "and is used to having her own way."

"Obviously," said Simon dryly.

"But she is really lovely," I said

quickly, "and has a beautiful nature."

"She is very lovely," he agreed in a non-committal tone.

I began to think like Maggie, that it was time we got some action into this thing.

"She will make a wonderful wife," I said, "for somebody. She's very clever and talented."

"I bet she can't cook," he said

courly.

"Maggie knows a great deal about food," I protested. "And when she starts to cook, she'll be able to."

"Hm," said Simon, "I begin to

feel sorry for Tom."

"For Tom?" I repeated stupidly.

"Certainly for Tom. Why, you

little muffin-brain," said Simon

with a grin, "don't tell me you

haven't seen which way the wind

blows..."

He broke off sharply, for we had rounded a corner and there on the roadway was a scene I shall never forget. Tom had taken a header apparently, for he was sprawled on the road, a tangle of grey pants and yellow scarf, wearing a dazedly happy expression while Maggie knelt at his side, concernedly mopping his face and kissing him. "Tom," she was saying tearfully, "are you sure you feel all right? Oh, Tommy darling, you dear fool..."

Simon took Dixie's rein again and led us off down a side-track which was conveniently to hand. "You see what I mean?" he said.

"Yes," I said, as dazed as Tom.

Then, "Oh no!" I protested.

"What's wrong? Tom will have to

marry someone someday, rabbit."

Simon said gently, "and why not

Maggie? You said she was wonder-

ful."

"She is," I wailed, "but..."

HE looked at me without speaking for a moment, then added, "But what?"

"Oh, Simon," I said, "do you mind very much?"

"What?" He stopped tugging Dixie to look at me squarely. Then he got off his mount and proceeded to lift me off mine. "Let us," he said, "discuss this thing."

I waited for him to discuss it, but he was silent. Finally he looked at me sideways. "Patsey?"

"Yes, Simon."

"Your brother Tom is a very clever bloke, but he is something of the helpless type. Maggie is rather a managing lass and she is going to have a whole of a time looking after him—especially when she learns to cook." He looked gloomy for a minute. "And they will live happily ever after, I am sure."

I began to see what he meant, and also I saw that Maggie had been converted, only not by Simon. She would be very happy seeing that Tom didn't get in the way of passing golf balls, which he is very apt to do. I thought Simon was being very big about it and I told him so.

He looked at me queerly. "Patsey, you are very dumb."

"I know," I said apologetically.

"But you are so sweet! Listen, dopy—a girl like Maggie would drive me mad in twenty-four hours. I don't want a golfing opponent. I want someone restful who'll make me a home..."

"You mean," I suggested hope-

fully, "someone who can cook?"

"Darling," said Simon, "I would

love you even if you couldn't cook!"

Because I am not very bright, I

believed him—but just the same I

am teaching Maggie to cook.

(Copyright)

## SHOULD A WIFE TAKE HER HOLIDAYS ALONE?

WELL IF YOU WON'T COME FOR A HOLIDAY NOW I THINK I'LL GO FISHING WITH JACK

VERY WELL! I'LL SPEND A MONTH AT MOTHER'S WHEN YOU GET BACK

PERHAPS SHE'S BORED WITH ME, I ONLY KNOW SHE'S TERRIBLY CHANGED

MAYBE THERE'S A VERY SIMPLE EXPLANATION, OLD CHAP—WHEN WE BATCHED TOGETHER YOU WERE A LIFEBOUY USER—REMEMBER?

YOU'RE SURELY NOT HINTING AT 'B.O.'? I HAVE A BATH EVERY DAY

BATHS WITH ORDINARY SOAP DON'T MAKE YOU SURE, BOB, ONLY LIFEBOUY WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT WILL STOP 'B.O.'

GLAD JACK BROUGHT PLENTY OF LIFEBOUY! DON'T KNOW WHY I EVER STOPPED USING IT! SO REFRESHING AND IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOU'RE PROTECTED

2 WEEKS LATER IT'S WONDERFUL HAVING YOU BACK AGAIN, DEAR. I DON'T WANT TO GO TO MOTHER'S AFTER ALL NOW

(THINKS:) IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR LIFEBOUY I MIGHT HAVE LOST HER!



Don't you make the mistake of thinking one soap is just as good as another! Mere washing with any ordinary toilet soap is not enough to guarantee your personal freshness. You need Lifebuoy with its special health ingredient to stop "B.O." Get Lifebuoy to-day,

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."



W.122.19



"Her giggling was driving me crazy."



# I couldn't get on with my Mother-in-Law

*I felt she was trying to break up  
my marriage*



WELL THERE'S CERTAINLY NOTHING ORGANICALLY WRONG IN YOUR CASE. BUT YOU SAY YOU EVEN WAKE TIRED? WELL, YOU SEE, WHILE YOU SLEEP YOU SHOULD BE REPLACING ENERGY LOST DURING THE DAY AT WORK AND PLAY. EVEN DURING THE NIGHT YOUR HEART AND LUNGS CONTINUE THEIR WORK, USING UP STILL MORE ENERGY. UNLESS YOU GET COMPLETE REST YOUR ENERGY IS NOT REPLACED AND YOU WAKE TIRED AND BECOME NERVOUS. YOU NEED A CUP OF HOT **HORLICKS** EVERY NIGHT.



## Tired and Nervy?

If you wake tired and become more tired as the day drags on. If you find it hard to concentrate . . . get irritable and lose your temper over trivial things . . . then remember those symptoms can very often be traced back to the fact that you are not replacing the energy you use up. Try a cup of hot Horlicks just before bed. After Horlicks you wake full of life, and clear-eyed. "Nerves" become a thing of the past. Get some Horlicks from your grocer or chemist to-day.

# HORLICKS

Contains all essential food elements in their natural form



## Continuing... One Year Later

from page 5

RACE spoke in a businesslike tone. "All I had to say, Miss Marie, was that Chief Inspector Kemp is a personal friend of mine, and that I am sure you will find him most helpful and kindly. His duty is an unpleasant one, but I'm sure he will do it with the utmost consideration."

She looked at him for a moment or two without speaking, then she said abruptly, "Why didn't you come and join us last night, as George expected you to do?"

He shook his head. "George didn't expect me."

"But he said he did."

"He may have said so, but it wasn't true. George knew perfectly well that I wasn't coming."

She said, "But that empty chair. Who was it for?"

"Not for me."

Her eyes half closed and her face went very white. She whispered, "It was for Rosemary. I see, it was for Rosemary."

He thought she was going to fall. He came quickly to her and steadied her, then forced her to sit down.

"Take it easy."

She said in a low, breathless voice, "I'm all right. But I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do."

"Then I help you?"

She raised her eyes to his face. They were watery and somber. Then she said, "I must get things clear. I must get them—she made a groping gesture with her hands—in sequence. First of all, George believed Rosemary didn't kill herself, but was killed. He believed that because of those letters. Colonel Race, who wrote those letters?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. Have you yourself any idea?"

"I simply can't imagine. Anyway, George believed what they said, and he arranged this party last night, and he had an empty chair, and it was All Souls' Day—that's the day of the dead—it was a day when Rosemary's spirit could have come back—and told him the truth."

"You mustn't be too imaginative."

"But I've felt her myself—felt her quite near sometimes—I'm her sister, and I think she's trying to tell me something."

"Take it easy, Iris."

"I must talk about it. George drank Rosemary's health and he died. Perhaps she came and took him?"

"The spirits of the dead don't put poison in a champagne glass, my dear."

"The words seemed to restore her balance. She said, in a more normal tone, "But it's so incredible. George was killed—yes, killed. That's what the police think, and it must be true. Because there isn't any alternative. But it doesn't make sense."

"Don't you think it does? If Rosemary was killed, and George was beginning to suspect by whom—"

She interrupted him. "Yes, but Rosemary wasn't killed. That's why it doesn't make sense. George believed those stupid letters partly because depression after influenza isn't a very convincing reason for killing yourself. But Rosemary had a reason. Look, I'll show you."

She ran out of the room and returned a few moments later with a folded letter in her hand. She thrust it on him.

He unfolded the slightly crumpled sheet.

"Leopard darling—" He read it twice before handing it back.

"The girl said eagerly, "You see? She was unhappy, brokenhearted. She didn't want to go on living."

"Do you know to whom that letter was written?"

Iris nodded. "Stephen Farraday. It wasn't Anthony. She was in love with Stephen and he was cruel to her. So she took the stuff with her to the restaurant and drank it there where he could see her die. Perhaps she hoped he'd be sorry then."

Race nodded thoughtfully, but said nothing. After a moment or two, he said, "When did you find this?"

"About six months ago. It was in the pocket of an old dressing-gown."

"You didn't show it to George?"

Iris cried passionately, "How could I? How could I? Rosemary was my sister. How could I give her away to George? He was so sure she loved him. How could I show him

this after she was dead? He'd got it all wrong, but I couldn't tell him so. But what I want to know is: What am I to do now? I've shown it to you because you were George's friend. Has Inspector Kemp got to see it?"

"Yes. Kemp must have it. It's evidence, you see."

"But then they'll—they might read it out in court?"

"Not necessarily. That doesn't follow. It's George's death that is being investigated. Nothing will be made public that is not strictly relevant. You had better let me take this now."

"Very well."

She went with him to the front door. As he opened it, she said abruptly, "It does show, doesn't it, that Rosemary's death was suicide?"

Race said, "It certainly shows that she had a motive for taking her own life."

He left the house in a thoughtful mood and went straight to pay a call on his old friend, Mrs. Rees-Talbot, who greeted him with a positive shriek of unbelief. "My dear, I haven't seen you since you disappeared so mysteriously from Allahabad that time. And why are you here now? It isn't to see me, I'm quite sure. You never pay social calls. Come on now, own up. You needn't be diplomatic about it."

"Diplomatic methods would be a waste of time with you, Mary. I always have appreciated your X-ray mind."

"Cut the cackle and come to the horses, my pet."

Race smiled. "Is the maid who let me in Betty Archdale?"

"So that's it! Now don't tell me that that girl, a pure Cockney if ever there was one, is a well-known European spy, because I simply don't believe it."

"No, no, nothing of the kind. The girl is simply a parformaid."

"And since when have you been interested in simple parformaid—not that Betty is simple. An artful dodger is more like it."

"I think," said Colonel Race, "that she might be able to tell me something."

"If you asked her nicely? I shouldn't be surprised if you're right. She has the close-to-the-door—when there's anything—interesting—going-on technique very highly developed. What does M do?"

"M very kindly offers me a drink and rings for Betty and orders it."

Mrs. Rees-Talbot, who was a lively near-brunette of forty-nine, rang the bell and directed her good-looking parformaid to bring Colonel Race a whisky and soda.

When Betty Archdale returned, with a salver and the drink upon it, Mrs. Rees-Talbot was standing by the far door into her own sitting-room.

"Colonel Race has some questions to ask you," she said, noting, as she went out, that the girl seemed frightened. Race was fingering a glass.

"Seen the papers to-day?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." Betty eyed him warily.

"Did you see that Mr. George Barton died last night at the Luxembourg Restaurant?"

"Oh, yes, sir." Betty's eyes sparkled with the pleasure of public disaster. "Wasn't it dreadful?"

"You were in service there, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir. I left last winter, soon after Mrs. Barton died."

"She died at the Luxembourg too?"

Betty nodded. "Sort of funny, that, isn't it, sir? Was he done in, too? The papers didn't say exactly."

"Why do you say 'too'? Mrs. Barton's death was brought in by the coroner's jury as suicide."

She gave him a quick look out of the corner of her eye. Ever so old, she thought, but he's nice-looking. She said demurely, "Yes, sir."

"But perhaps you never thought it was suicide?"

"Well, no, sir. I didn't; not really."

"That's very interesting—very interesting indeed. Why didn't you?"

"Well, Betty hesitated. "It was something I heard one day."

"Yes?" His tone was quietly encouraging.

"The door wasn't shut or anything. I mean I'd never go and listen at a door. I don't like that sort of thing," said Betty virtuously. "But I was going through the hall to the dining-room and carrying the silver on a tray, and they were speaking quite loud. Saying something, she was—Mrs. Barton, I mean—about Anthony Browne not being his name. And then he got really nasty, Mr. Browne did. I wouldn't have thought he had it in him—so nice-looking and so pleasant spoken as he was, as a rule. Said something about earping up her face—oh-hi!"

She paused a moment, round eyed, then went on, "Then he said, if she didn't do what he told her, he'd bump her off. Just like that! I didn't hear any more, because Miss Iris was coming down the stairs, and, of course, I didn't think very much of it at the time, but after there was all the fuss about her committing suicide at that party and I heard he'd been there at the time—well, it gave me shivers all down my back—it did indeed!"

"But you didn't say anything?"

"The girl shook her head. "I didn't want to get mixed up with the police, and anyway I didn't know anything—not really. And perhaps if I had said anything, I'd have been bumped off, too. Or taken for a ride, as they call it."

"I see." Race paused a moment, and then said in his gentlest voice,

## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"But if you postpone the trip till to-morrow the weather might turn bad."

"So you just wrote an anonymous letter to Mr. George Barton?"

She stared at him. He detected no uneasy guilt—nothing but pure astonishment.

"Me? Write to Mr. Barton? I never thought of such a thing. You mean write to Mr. Barton and say that his wife had been done in? Why, the idea never came into my head! I mean the whole thing might have been a joke. People do say all sorts of things, and Mr. Browne was ever so nice, really, and quite a one for joking, so I couldn't tell, sir, could I?"

Race agreed that she couldn't. Then he said, "Mrs. Barton spoke of Browne not being his real name. Did she mention what his real name was?"

"Yes, she did. Because he said, 'Forget about Tony—' Now what was it? Tony something—reminded me of the cherry jam cook had been making."

"Tony Cheriton? Cherable?"

She shook her head. "More of a fancy name than that. Began with an M. And sounded foreign."

"Don't worry. It will come back to you, perhaps. If so, let me know. Here is my card with my address. If you remember the name, write to me to that address." He handed her the card and a Treasury note.

"I will, sir. Thank you, sir."

A gentleman, she thought, as she ran downstairs. A pound note, she ten shillings. It must have been nice when there were gold sovereigns.

Mary Rees-Talbot came back into the room. "Well, successful?"

"Yes, but there's still one snag to surmount. Can your ingenuity help me? Can you think of a name that would remind you of cherry jam?"

"What an extraordinary proposition!"

"Think, Mary. I'm not a domestic man. Concentrate on jam making—cherry jam in particular."

"One doesn't often make cherry jam."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's inclined to go sugary, unless you use cooking cherries—Morello cherries."

Race gave an exclamation. "That's it! I bet that's it! Good-bye, Mary. I'm endlessly grateful. Do you mind if I ring that bell, so that the girl comes and shows me out?"

Downstairs, Betty waited with Race's hat and stick. He thanked her and passed out. On the doorstep, he paused. "By the way," he said, "was that name Morello?"

Betty face lighted up. "Quite right, sir. That was it. Tony Morello, that's the name he told her to forget. And he said he'd been in prison too."

Race walked down the steps smiling. From the nearest call-box he put through a call to Kemp. Their interchange was brief but satisfactory.

Kemp said, "I'll send off a cable at once. We ought to hear quite soon. I must say it will be a great relief if you're right."

"I think I'm right. The sequence is pretty clear." Colonel Race smiled quietly to himself.

Inspector Kemp was not in a very good humor. For the last half-hour he had been interviewing a frightened white rabbit of sixteen, who, by virtue of his Uncle Charles' great position, was aspiring to be a waiter of the class required by the Luxembourg.

Kemp turned the lad inside out and disgustingly convinced himself that the boy had done no less and no more than what he had said—namely, picked up a lady's bag from the floor and replaced it by her plate.

"It is as I am hurrying with the sauce to M. Robert, and already he is impatient, and the young lady sweeps it off the table as she goes to dance, so I pick it up and put it on the table, and then I hurry on, for already M. Robert he is making the signs frantically to me. That is all, monsieur."

And that was all. Kemp disgustingly let him go.

Sergeant Pollock made a distraction by announcing that they had telephoned up to say that a young lady was asking for him, or rather for the officer in charge of the Luxembourg case.

"Who is she?"

"Miss Chloe West."

"Let's have her up," said Kemp resignedly. "I can give her ten minutes. Mr. Farraday's due after that. Oh, well, won't do any harm to keep him waiting a few minutes. Makes them jittery, that does."

When Miss Chloe West walked into the room Kemp was at once assailed by the impression that he recognised her. But a minute later he abandoned that impression. No, he had never seen this girl before, he was sure of that. Nevertheless, the vague, haunting sense of familiarity remained to plague him.

"Well, Miss West, what can I do for you?" Kemp spoke briskly.

"I read in the paper about the Luxembourg—the man who died there."

"Mr. George Barton? Yes? Did you know him?"

"Well, no, not exactly. I mean I didn't really know him."

## INSPECTOR

Kemp shot her a shrewd glance, then asked, "Can I have your exact name and address first, please, so that we know where we are?"

"Chloe Elizabeth West, fifteen Merryvale Court, Malda Vale. I'm an actress."

"Yes, Miss West."

"When I read about Mr. Barton's death and that the police were inquiring into it, I thought perhaps I ought to come and tell you something. I spoke to my friend about it, and she seemed to think so. I don't suppose it's really anything to do with it, but—" Miss West paused.

"We'll be the judge of that," said Kemp pleasantly. "Just tell me about it."

"I'm not acting just at the moment," explained Miss West.

Inspector Kemp nearly said Resting, to show that he knew the proper terms, but restrained himself.

"But my name is down at the agencies and my picture in Spotlight. That, I understand, is where Mr. Barton saw it. He got in touch with me and explained what he wanted me to do."

"Yes?"

"He told me he was having a dinner party at the Luxembourg and that he wanted to spring a surprise on his guests. He showed me a photograph and told me that he wanted me to make up as the original. I was very much the same coloring, he said."

Illumination flashed across Kemp's mind. The photograph of Rosemary he had seen on the desk in George's room in Elvaston Square. That was who the girl had reminded him of. She was like Rosemary Barton, not perhaps startlingly so, but the general type and cast of features were the same.

"He also bought me a dress to wear. I've brought it with me. A greyish-green silk. I was to do my hair like the photograph—it was a colored one—and accentuate the resemblance with make-up. Then I was to come to the Luxembourg and go into the restaurant during the first cabaret show and sit down at Mr. Barton's table, where there would be a vacant place. He took me to lunch there and showed me where the table would be."

"And why didn't you keep the appointment, Miss West?"

"Because about eight o'clock that night, someone—Mr. Barton—rang up and said the whole thing had been put off. He said he'd let me know next day when it was coming off. Then, the next morning, I saw mention of his death in the paper."

"And, very sensibly, you came along to us," said Kemp pleasantly. "Well, thank you very much, Miss West. You've cleared up one mystery—the mystery of the vacant place. By the way, you said just now, 'someone,' and then, 'Mr. Barton.' Why is that?"

"Because at first I didn't think it was Mr. Barton. His voice sounded different."

"It was a man's voice?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. At least, it was rather husky, as though he had a cold."

"And that's all he said?"

"That's all."

Kemp questioned her a little longer, but got no further.

When she had gone, he said to the sergeant, "So that was George Barton's famous plan. I see now why they all said he stared at the empty chair after the cabaret and looked queer and absent-minded. His precious plan had gone wrong."

"You don't think it was he who put her off?"

"Not on your life. And I'm not so sure it was a man's voice, either. Hushkins is a good disguise through the telephone. Oh, well, we're getting on. Send in Mr. Farraday if he's here."

Outwardly cool and unperturbed, Stephen Farraday had turned into New Scotland Yard full of inner shrinking. An intolerable weight burdened his spirit. It had seemed that morning as though things were going so well. Why had Inspector Kemp asked for his presence here with such significance? What did he know or suspect?

To be continued





HIGH ACCLAIM has been given to Joan Crawford for her performance in Warner's thriller drama, "Mildred Pierce." Here she is seen with Zachary Scott. Joan has been absent from films for months.

## Won role in "Smithy" after one test

Casting the "Smithy" film in Australia caused many headaches to the Columbia producer, Mr. N. P. Pery. Many tests and auditions were carried out, as he was determined that only the very best talent would appear in the picture.

A gratifying exception to this arduous rule was Muriel Steinbeck. She was first to be considered for the role of Mary Powell (Lady Kingsford Smith) and the last. One look at her screen test, and Mr. Pery handed her a contract and the part.

AN excellent actress, Muriel is well known on the radio, and has appeared in several documentaries. Besides an undoubted ability, she also managed a cheering resemblance to Mary Powell—later Lady Kingsford Smith.

Absorbed in her career, Muriel relaxes with housewifely chores. The



YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ACTRESS Muriel Steinbeck, who co-stars with Ron Randall in the Columbia Australian film "Smithy."

kitchen is first favorite, and the mere mention of a new recipe will draw her undivided attention.

Occasionally she runs up a house frock or playsuit, but she ruefully admits that "Smithy" spoiled that for a while.

With sixteen changes of costume in the film, the fittings were many and tedious. Each dress had to be fitted three or four times, because of the camera's tendency to pick up and distort odd shadows and folds. Standing flat on one foot and then the other, Muriel decided that the life of a pin cushion left much to be desired.

Each of the garments is made so that she can step out without disarranging the special film make-up. Almost non-existent zippers were somehow procured, and Muriel enjoyed this small luxury.

Hair styles caused a slight panic during the shooting of "Smithy," as the script covers a period from 1916 to 1933. Blessed with thick, chestnut tresses, Muriel was plinned and curled into a resemblance of the fashionable shingle of the 1920's. Back on the set, Director Ken G. Hall took one look and buried his head in his hands. "They've cut it. They've cut it," he moaned. "All that beautiful hair."

Eventually the bewildered stylist was able to point out that Muriel's hair hadn't really been massaged, and a style was evolved which suited both director and star.

Occasionally roused to wardrobe replacements, Muriel recently acquired a new outfit full of fashion news. It is a tight-fitting, long-sleeved tunic, heavily beaded and embroidered at neckline and cuffs. Sumptuous and glamor-giving, it is also a coupon saver. Alternated with evening skirt, slacks, or just any old skirt, it is a fashion which can go anywhere.

## Stars compete for Academy awards

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

The new year draws all Hollywood's thoughts to the Academy Awards with speculation rife over who will achieve screendom's highest honors for performances in 1945.

Although nominations are unofficial yet, as entry blanks have not been sent to the actors, writers, and directors who cast the votes, still the man in the street and the girl behind the typewriter are already discussing whom they would like to see as winners.

AMONG Hollywood reporters a great percentage feel sure that Ray Milland will get the male award for his terrific performance as the chronic alcoholic in Paramount's "Lost Weekend." Ray's performance in this film staggered moviegoers, who formerly associated him with gay young-man-about-town roles.

His good looks marred with the effects of long-standing drunkenness, his speech blurred, his mental processes warped, the character Don Birnam, which Ray portrays, is a stunning contrast to the usual Milland roles, but his magnificent acting lifts him to top ranking.

Among the feminine stars likely

to be contenders for the award are Ingrid Bergman for "Bells of St. Mary's," Joan Crawford for "Mildred Pierce," and Bette Davis for "The Corn Is Green."

A poll taken in Canada revealed the Canadians' choice as Ray Milland and Joan Crawford.

A Hollywood director told me, "I would like to see Crawford win because she has worked terribly hard during the past fifteen years and deserves to win. After all, Ingrid and Bette have won before."

Before the nominations have been made several actresses may be added to the list, which might prove upsetting to the present predictions, but this reporter is making a prediction for the March awards and thinks the winners will be Milland and Crawford.



EXPECTED Academy Award winner Ray Milland in a scene from the Paramount drama, "The Lost Weekend."

## Religious film planned for Van Johnson

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

THE trend in religious films continues, which is probably due to the smashing success of "Going My Way" and "The Bells of St. Mary's." Metro announced it would film "The Risen Soldier," starring Van Johnson and Irene Dunne. This story is by Catholic Archbishop Spellman.

DARK, vivacious Bernice Saunders has a job casting children for films through the central casting office. Bernice, who has been twenty years on the job, told me, "I have 3500 children constantly on my books. Most in demand are boys from six to twelve years, and the hardest to obtain are two-week-old babies, whose salaries are seventy-five dollars daily for twenty minutes' work. At present I am supplying forty-five

Oriental children for 'Anna and the King of Siam.' These are Mexican, Arabian, and Chinese children, as Siamese children are unavailable."

DIRECTOR Edmund Goulding's party for David Niven was most unusual. David was in bed with influenza and was unable to attend. Goulding arranged a two-way telephone hookup between the party and David's bed, so he was able to converse with the one hundred and ninety-five guests and listen to the Scottish pipers whom Goulding hired to play David's regimental marches.

HOLLYWOOD stars are still glomting over fabulous Christmas gifts, many being diamonds and rubies in clip and earring sets. Bogart got a laugh from Bacall's gift, which was a gold toothpick.



REST BETWEEN SCENES for Esther Williams and Van Johnson on the steps of Esther's dressing-room at MGM, where they are co-starring in "Early to Wed." Esther's cocker spaniel, Angie, accompanies her every day to the studio.

## Film Reviews

### ★ ★ IDENTITY UNKNOWN

UNHERALDED as it has been, this film certainly should not go unsung, as Republic has turned out a highly competent job both in story and casting.

Richard Arlen stars as a returned soldier suffering from loss of memory, who starts a cross-country journey to try to establish his identity. The families he contacts and the individual people whom he influences all fit neatly into the picture, and the romantic interest is not overplayed. Cheryl Walker as the girl is just as good as Arlen, and supporting roles are all acceptable.

The whole thing could have been unbearably pompous and sentimental, but instead it is refreshingly healthy and well worth seeing.—Lyric and Cameo; showing.

### ★ ALONG CAME JONES

GARY COOPER has his first role of producer and star in this RKO release, which is a somewhat heavy-handed, whimsical affair.

Lanky Gary is a cowboy (Melody Jones) who carries a gun but is the world's worst shot. He becomes involved with a notorious bandit (Dan Duryea) and falls in love with a fiery, sharpshooting cowgirl (Loretta Young). Her shooting ability being so much better than his, she finally saves his life by polishing off the bandit. A queer mixture of humor and drama makes the whole thing rather confusing, though Cooper fans will welcome the first film he has made for some time. Loretta Young is wasted, but a good performance is that of William Demarest as Gary's wisecracking off-sider.—Plaza; showing.

### ★ HOTEL RESERVE

STORMY petrel of British films, James Mason, is co-starred with Lucie Mannheim in this RKO release of a British thriller set in luxury prewar days. It must be admitted that the glowering Mr. Mason is overshadowed by some of the other members of the cast, notably a newcomer called Herbert Lom. Plot deals with French counter-espionage methods against Nazi agents in a Riviera hotel, and Mason is a young Austrian wrongly accused of spying.

As central figure of the spy plot, Herbert Lom holds most of the audience interest, and his appearance in future films will be worth watching. Lucie Mannheim and Patricia Medina are the women in the cast, and are adequate.—Plaza; showing.



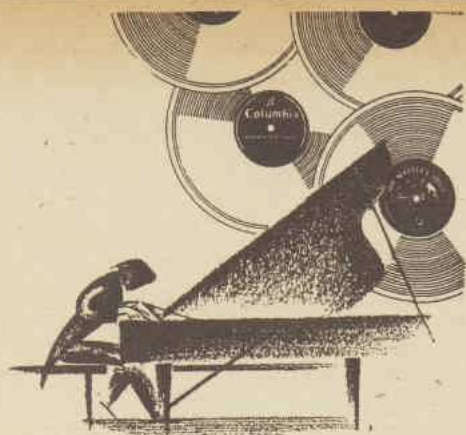


## Movie World

● **JAMES CRAIG**, handsome, rugged, tall actor, born in Tennessee, who started out to be a doctor but decided on a business career, and finally ended in Hollywood. Years in Texas gave him a Texas drawl, and during his first

two years in pictures he acted only in Westerns. Married for nearly six years, Jim has two children, and is under contract to MGM. His latest film is "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," in which Margaret O'Brien is starred.





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## Caesar and Cleopatra...

COSTING a million and a half, "Caesar and Cleopatra" is the most ambitious picture ever made in England. J. Arthur Rank, of Eagle Lion films, provided the money for the technicolor adaptation of Bernard Shaw's famous play which was produced and directed by Gabriel Pascal.



**1 YOUNG** Egyptian princess Cleopatra (Vivien Leigh) is befriended by elderly Roman Emperor Caesar (Claude Rains).



**3 SICILIAN** Appolodoros (Stewart Granger) fights Roman guards when they refuse to let him row Cleopatra to see Caesar.



**2 EGYPTIAN** Court anger is roused when Caesar deposes their young King Ptolemy and places Cleopatra on the throne. Some of Caesar's followers say they will join Egyptians against him.



**4 SURPRISE** for Caesar comes when, in defiance of his orders, Cleopatra arrives at Pharos rolled in a carpet.



**5 WHILE** EGYPTIANS besiege Alexandria, Caesar is warned by Pothinius (Francis L. Sullivan) that Cleopatra is treacherous. For this, Pothinius is murdered at Cleopatra's order by her nurse, Ftatateeta.



**6 WHEN** Caesar defeats Ptolemy, he leaves Cleopatra to rule Egypt with help of soldier Ruffio (Basil Sydney).

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## MARY HORDERN'S PAGE for the NOT-SO-SLIM

**F**OR the not-so-slim, dark colors are best. This page is designed round cool, dark green, which goes so well with white, palest-pink, or ice-blue — latest London favorite.

These sketches are adapted from the latest Parisian designs and retain lines so becoming to the fuller figure. Frock on the right is equally good in plain or floral silk. For later in the autumn in plain wool it will be just as useful with a light-weight coat.

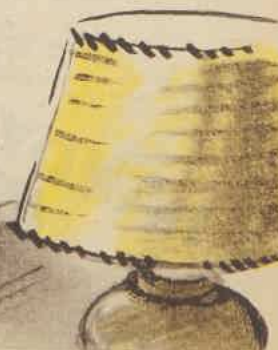
Coat has raglan sleeves and is picked out with stitched welts, cut diagonally to give the slimmest line. The white hat is by Legroux.



**T**HIS frock has a soft drape across the bust, with a shoulder embroidery of Schiaparelli design. Skirt is cut on the cross, throwing fullness below knees. Sides must hang straight to give slimmest effect.

Hip-length coat has a matching shoulder embroidery, which may be done in white braid or beading to suit an all-white flowered hat, tied with green ribbons.

If the hat has ice-blue flowers and green leaves, have the embroidery just picked out with the slightest tint of ice-blue beads. Hat is designed by Janette Colomblie.









## PINK DAFFODILS NOW...



A PRETTY LASS and masses of daffodils. There is nothing formal about these beds; the daffodils just grow naturally in thousands.



WALKING in his wide grounds at Glenara, Bulla, Vic., Mr. Alister Clark admires his lovely daffodils.



ONE of the new pink daffodils raised by Mr. Alister Clark, famous rose and narcissus hybridist.

Recently, an Australian-grown pink daffodil bulb was sold in Melbourne for £50—an all-time record for the Commonwealth.

### —Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THE breeder of this lovely daffodil is Alister Clark, of Glenara, Bulla, Victoria, the producer of more pedigreed and famous narcissi than any other man in Australia.

I recently spent some hours on

his property and saw many of the new pink strains of daffodils that he is working on with a view to producing an all-pink bloom. At present only the cups or trumpets are pink, but Mr. Clark believes the day is not far off when pink will be a common color in this beautiful family.

He told me that he imported the early strains of pink daffodils from a famous English firm of hybridists, and worked on them for several years. He then passed the best of them along to Mr. C. E. Radcliff, of Hobart, Tasmania, and the bulbs actually sold for £50 were those raised by him at Hobart.

Daffodils will grow in any soil, but the best results are usually obtained from deeply cultivated loamy ground, well-drained, and containing plenty of humus and lime. No fresh stable manure should ever be used.

Bulbs should be planted any time from the end of January to early May, but the sooner they are set out the earlier will be the blooms, and the less likelihood of their opening during the very hot weather during springtime.

Daffodil bulbs should be planted with about an inch of soil over their tops, which should not be left protruding above the soil surface.

It is not necessary to lift them every year. They can be safely left down for two years, but after that there are likely to be two or more offsets on the bulbs, and they are best taken up, separated, and put out in freshly prepared soil.

Last season's bulbs can be lifted as soon as the foliage is quite yellow, but they are best left until the leaves are dry. They can either be transferred straight into the new bed or dried off and stored until wanted.

## Gout... diet and treatment

By MEDICO

"MY father has been out of sorts for the past three days. He woke up early this morning with severe pain in his right foot, and his big toe is red and swollen. What could be the cause of the swelling, doctor?" asked Mrs. Whitford. "He says he hasn't injured his toe."

"I would like to see your father, but I feel sure that he is suffering from gout," I said. "He is the right age for those troubles, and usually the tendency to gout is inherited."

"Am I likely to inherit it?" she asked. "It seems a horribly painful affliction."

"You have no need to worry. It is most unusual for women to have gout," I assured her.

"What is the best medicine to clear the uric acid out of his system?" she asked.

"There is no medicine which will do that," I said. "Although there is an excess of uric acid in the blood, and the painful swellings are due to a collection of uric acid crystals in the affected joints, ligaments, and lobes of the ears, there is no simple way of getting rid of the uric acid."

"Can't anything be done for him then?" she asked.

"The affected joint should be rested, kept warm with cotton wool, and kept raised," I said. "There is a drug which has a good effect on gout, but unfortunately it is a dangerous drug, and poisons the liver. There have been such serious results, even in small doses, that it is now no longer used."

"Hot cloths applied to the affected joint are comforting. Sedatives will be needed to relieve the pain, and large quantities (two quarts a day) of fluid are a help to the kidneys."

"Does diet affect gout, doctor?"

"It is known that the material which forms uric acid in the body is found mostly in such foods as liver, kidneys, brains, and sweetbreads, tea and coffee. Alcohol is well known to hasten the development of gout. Spirits, wine, and beer are equally to blame. It has been said that gout, like a red nose, is an expensive condition to acquire, but exceptions do occur," I said.

"Is gout dangerous?"

"I have never known or heard of anyone dying of gout, but gout sufferers usually have other heart or kidney troubles which may be serious," I said.

"Thank heaven I'm not likely to get gout," said Mrs. Whitford. "Of course I'll do my best to make my father comfortable. I'll bring him along to see you as soon as he is able to walk about again."

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## Cold MAIN DISHES

● It is never too hot to eat but let menus pander to weather-wilted appetites... plan occasional cold platters for summer-night dinners, cool to look at, piquantly seasoned.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

**P**REFACE the cold main dish with a refreshing appetiser or hot titbit. These cold savory trifles pep up the appetite and are easy to prepare... tomato juice cocktails, iced, and tangy with a seasoning of lemon juice or Worcester sauce; seafood cocktail, oysters, or shredded fish in a piquant, spicy sauce of tomato puree; diced pineapple, minted, and drenched with sherry, with or without flaked crab or pink prawns; iced melon, sharp with ginger syrup and topped with garden-fresh mint sprigs. Serve crisp crackers or fairy toast.

Jellied consommé is an acquired taste for many. It must be well jellied, icy cold, strongly flavored. Jellied oxtail soup well flavored with dry sherry is a gourmet's choice for introducing a summer dinner.

These simple little hot dishes give appetite interest to an otherwise all-cold menu... little crisp brown rolls of filleted fish, served with mustard-flavored dressing; scal-

lops in a cheese sauce, crisp, crumb-topped, and served with lemon; feather-light croquettes of fish and potato served with sauce tartare; corn, cooked and shredded from the cob, mixed with chopped ham, and served in tomato puree, piping-hot in individual dishes, and liberally topped with chopped parsley; a kedgeree of curried rice and fish, and plump raisins, served in spicy, hot spoonfuls, with lemon.

### SAVORY STEAK PINWHEEL

(Serve cold, in slices, with mustard salad-dressing, pickled grapes, iced tomato slices seasoned with onion juice, and minted potato salad in lettuce cups.)

One and a half pounds topside steak, cut thinly, ½ lb. sausage meat, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup mixed, diced carrots and celery, 1 cup water, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 tablespoon dripping, browned breadcrumbs.

Combine sausage meat, breadcrumbs, onion, and parsley. Spread over the steak and roll up. Tie at inch

intervals into a secure roll. Brown the roll in hot fat. Place on the vegetables in casserole, and pour in tomato juice and water. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) about 1½ hours. Lift from casserole, and roll in brown breadcrumbs.

### LAMB MAYONNAISE

(Serve icy cold in crisp lettuce cups with green peas moulded in individual shapes of mint jelly, with cubed pineapple and crisp carrot straws.)

Two cups minced cooked cold lamb, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon finely chopped shallot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, good pinch powdered sage, 1 cup mayonnaise.

Combine all ingredients, correct seasoning to taste, and chill.

**Mint Jelly.**—Pour 1 cup boiling water over 1 cup roughly chopped mint, 1 dessertspoon sugar, and 1 cup vinegar. Simmer 3 minutes, strain, and dissolve in this liquid 1 dessertspoon gelatine. Color a bright green, season with pepper and salt, and chill until firm. Serve roughly chopped, or in individual moulds, with any cold lamb dish.

### CHILLED CORNED BEEF MOULD

(Serve in slices on crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise, with an old-fashioned salad of sliced tomato, cucumber, and onion in vinegar.)

Three cups minced corned beef, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup meat stock, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Combine corned beef, celery, onion and mustard. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water; add the meat stock, sauce, and vinegar. When the liquid is beginning to set, fold in the meat mixture. Set in a loaf-tin.

THESE SALAD CUTLETS and iced pickled apricots are enchanting food for a midsummer night's dinner... prepare them in the cool of the morning, and meet your family as crisp and cool as a Columbine.

### IRISH PASTIES

(Crisp shortcrust envelopes filled with herb-flavored floury potato cubes... serve cold with nutty coleslaw, cold beans, and tomato sauce.)

Eight ounces good shortcrust, 2 cups diced raw potato, 1 tablespoon chopped shallot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper.

Combine potato, shallot, parsley, herbs, salt, and pepper. Divide pastry into 3 or 4 pieces, and roll into thin rounds. Spoon the potato mixture on to the centre of each round.

Moisten pastry edges and pinch together into pastry shape. Glaze with milk, and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F.) and bake a further 20 to 25 minutes. The pastry for these pasties may be flavored with cheese.

### SALAD CUTLETS

(Serve with salad greens, chilled green peas, and salad fruits. Vary the cutlet coating by using jellied tomato puree.)

Six salad cutlets, 1 cup good white sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon gelatine softened in 1 tablespoon water, chopped parsley, paprika or grated yolk of 1 egg.

Trim outlets, and place on wire rack. Combine sauce, vinegar, mustard, and gelatine. Heat, stirring, until the gelatine is dissolved, and allow to cool. When beginning to thicken, pour sauce carefully over outlets, coating completely. Garnish with chopped parsley and sieved egg-yolk. Arrange on entree-dish with salad vegetables.

### LIVER SAUSAGE

(Serve in slices with little cold new potatoes, masked with mustard-flavored dressing, jellied beetroot squares, and crisp lettuce hearts.)

Half-pound lean steak, 1 lamb's liver, ½ lb. bacon, 1½ cups white breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 egg, browned breadcrumbs.

Soak the liver in warm water for 15 minutes, drain, and chop finely. Mince the steak and bacon, and add with the seasonings and breadcrumbs to the liver. Add beaten egg. Shape into a roll, and tie and sew securely in a floured pudding cloth. Plunge into boiling water and simmer 2 hours. Unroll, coat with browned crumbs. Serve in slices.

### BEEF AND VEAL BRAWN

(Unmould on a bed of lettuce and serve with baby beetroot, shredded cabbage heart seasoned with grated apple and onion, and little new potatoes, cooked and served in their jackets.)

One pound shin of beef, 1 knuckle of veal, 1 bacon bone, small bunch of herbs (2 or 3 sprigs parsley, mint, thyme, sage), 1 teaspoon salt, 6 peppercorns, water to cover.

Wipe meat, crack bone, and remove marrow fat. Place meat and bones in saucepan with seasonings. Cover with cold water and simmer gently for 3 to 4 hours. Strain the stock (for a firm jelly 1 teaspoon gelatine may be dissolved in each ½ pint of stock). Cut the meat into small pieces, place in mould, and cover with strained stock. A weighted plate may be placed on top of the meat.





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**LITTLE DISHES**, light and savory, are all-the-year-round favorites... here is one of minced curried chicken with potato border.

## FAMILY SWEET

• Here is an old recipe revived—simple, wholesome, delicious. Try it on the summer menu, light, hot, and freshly cooked or icy-cold with a chunky fruit preserve.

**T**HIS first prize winning cabinet pudding may be spiced with cinnamon or ginger or flavored with grated orange or lemon rind, or with the bitter sweetness of almond essence.

The follow-up recipes will be made more than once by the discerning cook. A chocolate cake is something to whip up when you are feeling pleased with the family. This week's prizewinner is a quick and easy one.

The banana meringue slice is a luscious family recipe, the type that pairs well with a cold main dish. The chutney is seasonal, timely; serve it with salad, cold collations, hot curries.

Each week this page is reserved for readers' recipes. Cash prizes are awarded for each one printed.

### CABINET PUDDING

One and a half cups soft white breadcrumbs, 2 or 3 thin slices of buttered bread, 1 cup sultanas or seeded raisins (or mixed fruits), 2½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt.

Take a plain pudding mould or basin, grease well, and arrange a pattern of raisins on the bottom. (Star shape with raisins rising round sides is effective.) Line the sides of the basin with strips of buttered bread (buttered side to basin). Heat the milk and pour over the beaten eggs and sugar. Add to this the breadcrumbs, salt, vanilla, and remaining raisins. Spoon gently into the prepared mould and cover with greased paper. Steam for 1½ hours. Serve very hot or icy cold with a fruit sauce, jam, or marmalade.

First Prize of £1 to L. Fitzpatrick, 16 Gilderthorpe Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

### BANANA MERINGUE SLICE

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 3 bananas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Sift flour and salt. Rub in butter and stir in egg-yolks beaten with the tablespoon of sugar, mixing to a light, firm dough. Roll to a round, about 1½ in. thick. Bake in a fairly hot oven (425deg. F.) for about 15 minutes. Remove from oven, spread with marmalade and top with sliced bananas sprinkled with lemon juice. Whisk the egg-whites with the remaining sugar to



**LIGHT SUMMER CASSEROLE** is being concocted here by Kathryn Grayson, MGM star... a layer of quartered onions and potatoes, a layer of lightly browned veal steak, the whole covered with tomato juice, and cooked slowly for 1½ hours.

a stiff meringue and spread over the bananas. Return to oven and cook very slowly until meringue is light brown and crisp.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Smith, 30 Olive St., Camfield Stn., SES, Vic.

### PLUM CHUTNEY

Four pounds plums, 1½ lb. apples, 1½ lb. brown sugar, 1 oz. garlic (or less), 1 oz. chillies, 2½ lb. raisins, 1 oz. ginger, 1 quart vinegar.

Wash plums, pare and core apples. Cook with sugar for 15 minutes. Press through colander, discarding plum stones. Add chopped garlic, chillies, seeded raisins, and chopped ginger to fruit pulp and cook another 10 minutes. Add vinegar, cook a further 10 minutes. Pot, cool, and seal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mary Campbell, c/o Firebrick, Bacchus Marsh, Vic.

### ANNE'S QUICK CHOCOLATE CAKE

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup milk, 1 egg (unbeaten), vanilla.

Place all ingredients in a basin in above order, mix two minutes. Pour into a greased sandwich or bar tin and bake 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350deg. F. May be iced with chocolate icing when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. A. Stout, 14 New St., Queens-town, S.A.

### PEACH MERINGUE

Six stewed whole peaches, 2 egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, almond essence. Whisk egg-whites and sugar stiffly, flavor; coat peaches and bake slowly until lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Hennessy, 85 Beresford Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.



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